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FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

An Illustrated Journal of Amusement, Adventure, and Instruction.

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READ OUR GREAT STORIES—"THE MYSTIC THREE" AND "YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS."

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

A NEW FEATURE—THREE WEEKLY PRIZES FOR THE BEST DRAWINGS.

THERE is no accomplishment which can afford greater pleasure to the young, or become more profitable afterward, than skill in drawing.

The daguerreotype and the photograph give us many pictures, but the artist's hand is required even with them, and there are hundreds of cases where the pencil alone can supply what is required.

Drawing is taught in most of our schools, but many pay no attention to it, deeming it of little use. To encourage those who have acquired some proficiency, and to stimulate others to take up the study in earnest and cultivate the talent they possess, we propose to give, for a time, THREE WEEKLY PRIZES FOR THE BEST DRAWING sent in to Frank Leslie's Boys' and Girls' Weekly.

The drawing is to be sent accompanied by an attestation of the young person's teacher that it is actually the pupil's own work, without outlining or touching up by any other hand.

The first prize, Three Dollars, will be given for the best drawing of the human figure, or the head, torso, arm, hand, foot, etc.

The second prize, Two Dollars, for the best drawing of an animal, the whole figure, or the head.

The third prize, One Dollar, for the best landscape.

Drawings that, in the opinion of the Committee of Judges, possess remarkable merit—and we hope to receive one such each week—will be engraved for Frank Leslie's Boys' and Girls' Weekly, and the name of the artist given.

The prizes will be awarded every week. The successful candidates will be made known in the same way that is practiced in regard to the Round Table.

It is recommended that the sketches be not too large—not to exceed eight inches by ten. They should be sent flat, in an envelope, and not on rollers, which are liable to delay and accident in the mail.

PHIL TERRY'S GRIT.

By JACK JUDSON.

CHAPTER I.

A RACE FOR LIBERTY.

"TAKE off your coat, young man, and walk into the barn; I'll give you a thrashin' this time that'll last you a while!"

The speaker was a middle-aged man, with black hair and eyes, coarse features and powerful frame. The lad he addressed stood cowering before him, his pale lips tightly closed and his hands clinched at his sides. The old straw hat that he was wearing was pushed back, and disclosed a fair, broad forehead, over which clustered, in close curls, a tangle of light-brown hair; his face, neck and hands were sunburned, and showed that he was an out-of-doors worker; his eyes, bent upon the ground at that moment, were blue, the peculiar, seldom-seen sky-blue, that are so bright and laughing when the possessor is in a happy mood, and so cold and glittering when anger reigns within.

The man clutched a short, black, wagon-whip in his hand, and seemed scarcely able to restrain his desire to strike until the boy should obey his orders and prepare himself for the threatened punishment.

"Get along in, I say! You won't run away agin' an' stay half a day right in corn-cutting time, after I've lathered you as you deserve, you young hound, you!"

The man raised the whip and brought it down with a resounding thwack on the boy's shoulders. All the cowering and indecision that had been expressed in the lad's attitude vanished when he felt the cruel blow. He sprang aside, the blood rushed into his face, that had been so pale, he raised a clinched hand with a menacing gesture, and exclaimed:

"John Harris, that is the last blow you will ever strike me! You have abused my mother and made her afraid to take my part when you have treated me worse than I would treat a dog. You have taken from her all the little means she had to make herself and her children comfortable. I've worked early and late for you, and have been half clothed and half fed in return for it. Look out for another slave, for I have done with you for ever!"

As the last words were uttered the lad sprang over the fence near which he stood, and darted like lightning toward the house. Harris seemed too completely taken by surprise to be able to stir for a moment, then, with a kind of savage yelp, he started in pursuit.

But he could not leap the fence so lightly as the boy had done, and was obliged to seek the gate at the further side of the farmyard, and so his intended victim had several moments the advantage of him.

The boy reached the house, and rushed almost breathless into the kitchen. A tired-looking woman was arranging the supper-table, and looked up in alarm and surprise as he dashed into the room.

"Mother, he struck me again. I won't stand it any longer. I am going; good-by."

"But, Philip, Philip!" cried the poor mother but Philip had nearly choked her with a farewell hug and kiss, and was gone before she could say another word. Through the open front door of the old-fashioned farmhouse, at a swift run that his panting and irate stepfather could never hope to emulate, Philip Terry left his home where he had been born, and had passed a very peaceful and happy

"PHIL TORE OFF HIS COAT, AND SNATCHING UP A HEAVY STICK THAT CHANCED TO BE LYING BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, HE STEPPED ASIDE AND DISPLAYED HIS SIGNAL."

childhood. On, on he flew, nor ever rested his swift career until a turn in the road and a small piece of woods hid his course from the view of those he had left behind him.

Here, on a wayside stone, he sat down to recover breath. But only for a few moments. He thought it very like that his stepfather would mount a horse and set out in pursuit of him. He knew how vindictive and brutal the man could be when angry, and that no pains would be spared to overtake and punish the boy who had dared to defy him.

The fugitive had one thing in his favor. The short Autumnal day was drawing to a close. The sun had already set, and the evening shadows would soon help to shield him from observation. Thoughts coursed through his mind, and his determination was soon formed. He rose from his seat and resumed his race, passing through the woods and taking a short cut through a large field of standing corn, from whence he emerged upon a byroad that led to some neighboring farms, set back from the main highway.

Upon one of these lived a family that Philip felt sure would befriend him, and toward Farmer Harrowgate's he accordingly shaped his course.

The family had gathered together for the evening, before a fire that blazed in the sitting-room grate—for the evening was a chilly one—and were a good deal surprised when the boy fugitive burst in among them without the usual ceremony of knocking at the door. For Philip was usually well-mannered, and had frequently been held up as a model of gentle behavior to Mrs. Harrowgate's rather unruly boys.

Jimmy Harrowgate was the first to speak.

"What's broke loose, Phil?"

"I have," was the laconic reply.

"What is it, Philip?" questioned motherly Mrs. Harrowgate, seeing that the boy was agitated and pale, scarcely seeming like himself.

"My stepfather was going to whip me again. He *did* strike me, and I've run away and will *never* go back to be beaten by him!"

The children gathered around the visitor, with indignation and sympathy mingled in their looks and expressed in their tones.

"You must not be hasty, my boy," said Mr. Harrowgate; "you know how bad your mother will feel if you leave her."

"Yes, yes, I know," and Philip's lips quivered, and he made a mighty effort to restrain his tears, but without avail. Sinking into a chair that had been placed for him, he sobbed convulsively for a few moments.

Then, controlling his feelings, he raised his head, and his blue eyes gleamed like polished steel, as he said:

"If my staying at home would make it any easier for mother I would not go; but he delights in tormenting *her* through *me*. He knows that when he abuses me she feels it almost as much as I do. He was mad at her for sending me on an errand, and was going to whip me with the wagon-whip for doing what my mother told me to do. And I am fifteen years old; too old to be whipped like a dog!"

And again the boy's head sank, as though oppressed with shame at the remembrance of all the indignities that had been put upon him.

"Well—well, my son, we'll see what can be done. You stay here to-night."

"No; I must be a long way from here before morning. My mind is made up. That man shall never touch me again. I came here to ask Mrs. Harrowgate to go over to mother's to-morrow and tell her what I've determined to do. You see, I had to run for it"—the poor boy tried to be jocose—"and didn't have time to explain matters. Tell her that I'm able and willing to work, and will make my way somehow; and that I'll remember her and do right for her sake, and some day, when I have earned money enough, I'll come back and take her away from that brute!"

"Well, my boy, I don't feel like hinderin' ye. John Harris is a mighty onreasonable man, I'll admit. If you'll remember not to lie, nor steal, nor drink whisky, I'll go your bail that you'll git along and come out A No. 1, for you're a smart, industrious youngster, with no bad tricks, that I know of. Mother!"

But "mother" had slipped out of the room, and was preparing some supper for the runaway.

The fire still smoldered in the kitchen-stove, and a few chips thrown in soon blazed up and set the tea-kettle to humming, while Mrs. Harrowgate bustled about from pantry to kitchen, setting forth a store of substantial food that would have feasted half a dozen hungrier boys than Philip Terry.

There were thick slices of fresh, light bread, with butter, sweet and yellow, for an accompaniment; there was the best part of a cold roast chicken; there were apple-sauce and peach preserves, pumpkin-pie, mince-pie and doughnuts; there were a fragrant cup of tea and a pitcher of cream; but when the unbidden guest sat down to the table he could not summon an appetite for all this good cheer. In vain his kind hostess urged him to eat, and the children of the house clamored about the table, offering to help him to this or to that; his nervous system was too highly excited to permit of his swallowing more than a few mouthfuls, and he was soon upon his feet, preparing to set forth, he knew not whither. Mrs. Harrowgate filled his coat-pockets with doughnuts, and made up, besides, as large a package of good things as he could conveniently carry. Jimmy insisted upon providing him with a better headgear than the dilapidated straw hat he wore, and Farmer Harrowgate put a few coins in his hand, remarking, as he did so:

"The sooner you begin to earn your own way the better it will be for you; so I'll only give you a few dimes to start with. Be honest and savin', and you'll get along well enough, I reckon. It seems a *leetle* rough, though—don't it, mother?—for him to be settin' out this time o' night!"

"Bow, wow, wow!" barked old Carlo, on the porch, and every member of the group that had gathered around Philip to bid him good-by turned a listening ear toward the door. Yes, they could hear the sharp clatter of a horse's hoofs coming up the lane.

"Good-by!" exclaimed Philip. "I'll take the back-cut through the barnyard. If it's my stepfather, don't turn him out o' doors till I've got a fair start!" and away into the night and darkness darted our homeless boy.

A moment or two afterward a thundering knock came upon the sitting-room door, and Mr. Harrowgate left the kitchen and proceeded very deliberately to open it. Sure enough, there stood Mr. Harris, with the identical black wagon-whip in his hand that was to have been the instrument of vengeance.

"Is that boy of mine—is Phil Terry here?" he demanded, gruffly, the instant the door was opened.

"Why, it's Mr. Harris! Come in! come in!" exclaimed Mr. Harrowgate, in tones of pleased surprise.

"I want to know if Phil is here; is he, or is he not?"

"Why, no, he is *not!* Did you send him over for anything?"

"He's been playing me one of his shines, and if I can get hold of him I'll skin him alive, the infarnal little rascel! Hain't been here, you said?"

"Been cuttin' up shines, has he? Well, well; you mustn't be hard on him. Boys will be boys. But, come in, Mr. Harris; come in!"

"Not to-night. I'm on the hunt of that boy, and I'll find him if I have to ride all night!"

And with a muttered curse the visitor mounted his horse and departed, fuming with rage and hate.

But the wanderer traveled on unmolested, and far happier than the cruel man whose own bad passions were the enemies that destroyed all of life's sweetest pleasures for him.

CHAPTER II.

WORK AND FORGET.

ALL night our hero trudged along his lonely road, occasionally throwing himself down beneath some spreading tree, or other chance shelter by the wayside, to obtain a few moments' rest. At last the birds began to chirp and twitter in the trees and bushes, and old Chanticleer, "first herald of the morn," sent out his clarion notes from every farmyard far and near, to announce that day was breaking.

Philip looked about him and discovered, not far distant, a group of buildings, and among them one whose tall chimney indicated a mill or factory of some kind.

He directed his steps that way, and found that it was a saw-mill, and a man was already at work about the furnace. A glowing bed of coals had been raked forward to the mouth of the furnace, and looked so tempting to the chilled and weary traveler, that he ventured in and asked permission to warm himself.

It was accorded graciously enough, but the fireman cast many a furtive glance at the boy as he cowered in the grateful warmth. But Philip was so weary and so sleepy, that he scarce noticed the man or his surroundings, and soon gave way to his fatigue, and leaning back against a neighboring post, fell into a deep slumber.

When he awoke, several men were moving about, getting ready for their day's labor, and one, standing near, accosted him as soon as he opened his eyes.

"Well, my boy, what are you doing here?"

"I came in to get warm, and fell asleep," answered Philip, rising to his feet.

"Strange time o' day for a boy of your age to be away from home. Where are you going?"

"I am in search of work. Do you want to hire a boy?"

"Hem! No, I reckon not. What can you do?"

"I was raised on a farm, and can do most anything that any other boy can do."

"Can work horses, I reckon?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is your name?"

"Philip Terry."

"Any relation to the Terrys over to Terrytown?"

"Not that I know of."

"If I was to set you to drivin' a team to-day, I s'pose you'd either run off with the horses or let 'em run off with you, hey?"

"Neither," replied Philip, looking his questioner in the face with a frank smile. He saw that the man meant to be good-natured, and he began to hope that he would give him some work.

He did not wish to stop for long so near his stepfather's, but he did wish to earn money enough to pay his way in a railroad, for he found tramping it afoot weary work.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," resumed the man: "I'll hire you for to-day to drive a team over to the station and deliver some planks they're in a hurry for. Gave me Hail Columbia! last night for not sendin' 'em over yesterday, and if you git through all right, I'll pay you fifty cents and give you your vittles."

"All right."

"I s'pose you'll want some breakfast, to begin with. Go over to that house there, and tell the folks to give you some. When you come back, the wagon will be loaded, and you can start right out."

"I'm not hungry. I had a lunch with me, and ate it a short time ago. I'll help load the wagon."

"All right, then; pitch in. Here, Bill, this youngster is going to drive the team to the station to-day. Get the load on, and show him where the horses are, and give him his directions about where he is to unload."

The railroad station was about one mile distant from the saw-mill, and Philip made a good many trips there and back during the day. He began early and worked late, but was not unusually fatigued, for he had plenty of assistance in loading and unloading, and he was accustomed to work.

Toward evening the sky began to blacken, and there was every appearance of a coming storm. Before bedtime the rain was pouring down in torrents and the wind was blowing a gale.

"Well, Terry," said Mr. Smith—the saw-mill proprietor's name was Smith—as he showed his new hand where he was to sleep, "this rain will stop hauling lumber for a day or two, anyhow, so I'll pay you your fifty cents to-night, and maybe you can find work somewhere else to-morrow. Don't leave in the morning till you've had your breakfast—you're entitled to one meal, anyhow, as you didn't board here till dinner."

Philip thanked him and said that he would stay. He was soon in bed, and lay for some time considering what it was best for him to do. Mr. Harrowgate had given him seventy-five cents. Mr. Smith had paid him fifty more; so he possessed just one dollar and a quarter. That sum would pay his fare on the railroad for about forty miles—as far as he would be likely to walk in two days. He was anxious to put a greater distance between himself and his stepfather before he settled down to steady employment.

He therefore concluded that he would walk over to the depot in the morning and take passage on the first westward-bound train that stopped at that station. When his mind was fully made up as to the course to be pursued next day, he slept as only tired boys can sleep. The wind roared and the rain poured, but nothing disturbed his slumbers until the loud voice of his host summoned him to breakfast just at daybreak.

A hasty meal of bread-and-butter, coffee and fried ham was served. Then Philip bade good-by to his entertainers and started for the depot. It was still raining and the road was muddy and disagreeable for walking; therefore he decided to cut across through a small piece of woods, and thus reaching the railroad, find better footing on the track.

When he reached the depot he found it solitary and deserted, and was informed by a seedy-looking individual, who was promenading the platform in a disconsolate manner, that no train would be due for an hour. He decided not to wait. There was another station five miles ahead, and he preferred walking on to waiting about the depot in disagreeable company.

The rain had subsided into a sort of drizzle, not at all pleasant for a morning walk; but Philip was so busily occupied as he stepped briskly along that he scarcely noticed the weather.

What was he doing? I will tell you. He was "building castles in the air."

He felt free and brave and strong. For three years he had submitted to be domineered over by a coarse, brutal man, because this man was his mother's husband, and if he staid with her he must submit. But he had broken loose at last, and he meant to accomplish great things.

He would work very hard, and be very saving with his earnings, and would by-and-by have a snug little home that he could bring his mother and little sister Susy to.

Just here his foot slipped, the ground gave way beneath him, and he found himself in another moment sprawling in a muddy torrent that rushed along at the bottom of the railroad embankment.

He scrambled out as quickly as possible, considerably scratched and bruised, and glanced hastily about him.

Horror! The rain of the preceding night had washed down the embankment, and so undermined a culvert as to leave no support underneath quite a space, and that on the edge of an embankment twelve feet high!

He felt certain that no train could pass such a spot safely, and he knew that the one next expected to pass would be the loaded express. What could he do? He supposed himself to be about midway between the two stations. Could he, by running all the way there, reach either place in time to have warning given? He could think of no better plan, and started back over the track he had traversed so blithely but just before.

He had lost some time by his tumble and scramble, and also in examining the extent of the damage done the road-bed, and began to fear that he could never accomplish his undertaking. His feet seemed heavy as lead, and his breath never appeared so insufficient in a race before.

But on he went, running or walking as best he could, until he reached a curve in the road that he remembered to be less than a mile distant from the station he was striving to reach.

But there was something standing on the track: a volume of white vapor rising on the air showed that an engine stood at the depot, and before his confused brain could shape his thoughts there was a quick snort, a shrill whistle, and the train was coming on.

Oh, for a red flag! For anything that would warn the engineer of danger ahead! For an instant every faculty seemed paralyzed; then a thought flashed through his brain that restored him to energy—his coat was lined with *red flannel!* He tore it off, and snatching up a heavy stick that chanced to be lying by the side of the road, he stepped aside—for the train came rushing on, and was quite near him—and displayed his signal.

It seemed to be unnoticed, and in his almost frantic fear that the train would go by without heeding him, he sprang forward so close to the track that, as the engine whizzed past he was struck to the ground.

But he was seen—his signal was understood. The engine whistled "down brakes," and in an instant all was commotion on board of the train, which came to a stop none too soon. A few rods more and a dreadful wreck must have ensued.

When Philip was picked up he was insensible, and could not tell the tale of danger, but the discovery was soon made after the warning was given, and many hearts thrilled with gratitude to the boy that had saved them from distress and death.

He was tenderly cared for, and gentle mothers shed tears over his pale face. The men gathered together and talked of a "testimonial"—they did not know how else to express their feelings. A sum of money was quickly made up, and when, at length, the delayed train reached the next station, inquiry was made as to who the lad was—what was his name? where did he live? Nobody knew.

The conductor caught sight of a person with whom he was acquainted, standing upon the waiting-room platform. He motioned him to his side, and in brief words told him how the boy had come by his hurts—how anxious he was that he should be well cared for. Would Doctor Grey take him in charge? The doctor readily answered that he would do so. The "Committee of Ways and Means" pressed forward, and were made to understand the situation. A roll of bills, a good one hundred dollars, was given to the gentleman for Philip's use, and the saved train sped on.

CHAPTER III.

NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

PHILIP'S injuries were not so severe but that he was able to be about in a few days. He had been stunned and bruised, but no bones were broken. Some contusions on his head and a deep cut on his forehead were the most painful of his hurts, and under Doctor Grey's kind care he was recovering as fast as was possible.

Conductor Knolton never passed through the place without inquiring as to his welfare, and the villagers were, all of them, very friendly and kind to him.

Doctor Grey, though curious to know how it chanced that a boy of his age and appearance—for though but poorly dressed, there was nothing of the "tramp" in Philip's aspect—should be without friends or acquaintances, an entire stranger in the community, still refrained from asking questions until the lad himself should open the subject.

This happened one morning about a week after the accident. Philip felt that it was time for him to go. He had not been told of the sum of money that had been made up for him, and he felt much embarrassed as to how he should discharge his obligations to the good doctor.

The doctor was an early riser, and was up and out in his garden gathering a basket of choice apples from a favorite tree while waiting for breakfast-time, and here Philip joined him, and after an exchange of the usual morning greetings, said:

"Doctor Grey, I am thinking of going away this morning. I hope to be able to pay you what I owe you *some day*. But I have nothing to offer you now. If you have any work that I can do, I will willingly work out my debt."

"Where are you going?" asked the doctor, looking searchingly into the boy's face.

"I want—I think," stammered Philip, whose plans were too vague and immature to be put into plain words in answer to so plain a question.

"My boy," said the doctor, gravely, "if you are leaving a good home and kind parents without their knowledge, causing them anxiety and trouble, go back to them at once—that's my advice."

"But I am not," exclaimed Philip, his face flushing as he recalled *why* he had left home. "I will tell you all about myself if you care to know, and then perhaps you can tell me what I had better do. Though," he added, smilingly, "I have a pretty good idea what I *want* to do."

"Well, my boy, let me hear your account of yourself; you look as if you were accustomed to tell the truth, and I expect to hear a straight story."

"I shall tell nothing but the truth," said Philip, proudly.

He began his account by describing his home as it once had been. The productive little farm, the cozy house, the kind father, the good mother, the sweet little sister. He told of his father's death, and how, about two years afterward, his mother had married John Harris.

"He pretended to be such a good man, told mother how much better it would be for her children to have a father's care, and he would be such a father to them; how much more the farm would produce under his management; in short, he persuaded her to marry him. Then we began to find him out. He was mean, cruel, tyrannical! He deprived us, as far as was in his power, of every comfort. He sold a young horse, the family pet, that father had given to me when a little colt, and pocketed the money. He would sell every bushel of choice fruit from the orchard that my father had set out and cared for, that we might have an ample supply; he did everything he could do to make us unhappy, and finally he whipped me brutally for a trifling act of disobedience. He seemed to have a particular spite at me, and I could never please him. He grew into the habit of striking and abusing me, and I could not stand it any longer. Mother knew when I left and why, and as soon as I can earn money to support her I shall go back and take her away from there."

The doctor drew him on to disclose his plans for the future, and although they seemed very visionary to his practical and experienced mind, he did not discourage the boy.

"You want to get out West, do you? Well, that seems to be the desire of a good many enterprising people. Many a boy, and man, too, has started out to seek his fortune without a dollar in his pocket. 'Where there is a will there is a way,' is a good old adage. But I suppose you have a little money?"

"One dollar and a quarter," said Philip, laughing, and blushing, too.

"Not so bad," replied the doctor. "And if you have made up your mind to go West I can introduce you to a man who has spent the last twenty years in some of its wildest regions, and is here now on a visit to a sister whom he had not seen during all that time. He will return soon, and you might accompany him. He is a rough old fellow, but there is nothing bad about him. In fact, you will like him, I am sure. His name is Sam Bartle. We will go and call on him after breakfast."

Philip's blue eyes sparkled and he grasped the doctor's hand and exclaimed:

"How kind you are!" Then his expressive countenance clouded and his eyes fell. "I haven't money enough to go with him; I expect to work my way, a little at a time."

"Oh, well, you are richer than you know of. 'Fortune favors the brave;' come to the house with me; I have something to show you!"

Philip followed Doctor Grey into the breakfast-room, wondering what he could mean.

Mrs. Grey was just preparing to pour out the coffee, and said:

"I am ready for you, gentlemen; come to breakfast!"

"Yes, wife; but first I want you to bring from your bureau, if you please, a small package I entrusted to your care when this young man first arrived here. He wants it."

Philip looked from one smiling face to the other, and wondered what they meant. Mrs. Grey hastened into an adjoining room and soon returned with a small roll in her hand, which she gave to her husband, at the same time bestowing a bright glance on Philip.

Doctor Grey in turn handed it to Philip, saying:

"There, my boy, is a package which the passengers on board the train you saved from being wrecked left with me for you, as a token of their appreciation of your services."

Philip slowly undid the wrapper and was so amazed at finding it to be a roll of money—an immense sum it seemed to him—that he was unable for a moment or two to utter one word. Then he gasped out, rather than said:

"This can't be for me; I don't deserve all this!"

"Yes, you do, and it is for nobody else; so slip it into your soundest pocket and we will eat our breakfasts."

Philip was so overcome by this stroke of fortune that he could scarcely realize that "he was he," and once or twice put his hand to his head to feel of his bruises and assure himself of his own identity.

The doctor and his wife chatted away as lively as possible, addressing an occasional remark to the bewildered boy, until, by the time the morning meal was ended, he had recovered his self-possession, and knew pretty well where he stood.

"Doctor Grey, and Mrs. Grey, too, you must take part of this in pay for my board and for the care of me when sick."

"No, no; we will take nothing for what we have done. If you are ready, we will go make our call on Mr. Bartle."

And after a few words aside to Mrs. Grey, the doctor led the way to the street.

They found Mr. Bartle at home, surrounded by his sister's children, to whom he was relating some one of his many adventures.

"Well, Sam," said Doctor Grey, after they were all seated, "I've brought you a young man who is about to start for the 'West.' He is going to seek his fortune, and I thought perhaps you would take him under your wing and see that he comes to no great harm. What do you say?"

"Wal," said Sam, deliberately, after shaking the tobacco out of his pipe, and laying it aside, "the first question I'll ask about *him* is this 'ere 'un: Hes he got good *grit?* I don't want to be bothered with no youngster that hadn't got good *grit*."

"Well, so far as my knowledge of him goes, he has his share of that quality," returned the doctor, smilingly.

"He looks like he'd been in a bar-fight. What's the matter with your countenance, Philip?"

"Why, Uncle Sam," chimed in one of his nephews, "he's the boy that stopped the train and got pretty near run over, don't you 'member?"

"Sure enough, sure enough! Wal, I make no doubt he's got party—good—grit! Philip, your name is? Wal, I'm a-goin' to say Phil, for short; you call me Sam; I don't wan't no Mr. Bartlein' around me, whar we're like to be intimit. And I expect you an' me's a-goin' to be party intimit. When did you kalkerlate to start west'ard?"

Mr. Bartle had a way of interposing dashes between his words when he wanted to be emphatic.

"I intended to start to-day," answered Philip.

"Wal, I was a-goin' to hold on a few days longer, but I hain't no objections to pullin' up stakes to-day, as I knows of. I'd ruther strike right out than be foolin' round sniffin' and cryin' two or three days tryin' to say good-by to Sister Molly an' the children. I've did what I come here to do, an' might as well be makin' back tracks."

"I do not want you to hurry off on my account," said Philip; "but if you are in earnest about it, we can leave in an hour. There is a train at half-past nine or ten."

"You hain't no notion of lettin' the grass grow under your feet, I reckon. Wal, clear out and git ready, an' I'll say adoo to my friends here and meet you at the depot. Good-by, doctor. Give my love to your wife, an' tell her to drop me a line when you kick the bucket. I've allers had a kind of a-hankerin' after her."

The doctor laughed, shook hands, and departed.

When they were fairly in the street again, Phil asked Doctor Grey's advice about his clothes.

"I left my best suit at home," he said, "and shall feel kind of shabby to be traveling in these. When I had no money I tried not to think anything about it, but now that I am so well off, I'd like to be better dressed."

"To be sure! to be sure!" said the doctor; "but let us go home first. You will want to talk to Mrs. Grey about it. She always bought our boys' clothes."

Philip knew that Doctor Grey had two sons away at college, for he had heard them mentioned more than once since he had been in the house.

When Mrs. Grey was informed that her young guest was to go so soon, she told him to go to his room and he would find some things upon his bed that were there for his use.

"My boys took such a start to grow two or three years ago," she said, laughingly, "that they left some of their clothes behind them. I have laid out a suit that I think will fit you, and have packed some things in a satchel which you are to take with you."

Philip's eyes filled with tears. What had he done to deserve so much kindness from strangers?

He did not know how much his clear, honest eyes and his straightforward, respectful demeanor had to do in prepossessing observing people in his favor.

The time soon slipped away, and Philip bade his new friends good-by with real regret.

"I shall write to my mother as soon as I am at my journey's end," he said, "and tell her all about you. She can thank you better than I can."

Sam Bartle was waiting at the depot. In due time the expected train came rushing in, and in another moment the runaway was being whirled away toward the West. (To be continued.)

NOVEL BAIT FOR BASS.

A VIRGINIA paper relates that an old gentleman who was recently crossing the Shenandoah River at Howellsville Ford, followed by a favorite shepherd dog, heard a great commotion behind him in the water. Turning around to see the cause, he found that his dog had been seized by the tail by a monster bass and carried under three times before he could release himself from the almost fatal grip of the fish.

PLAYING WITH A TORPEDO.

A SINGULAR and fatal accident occurred recently at Pittsburgh, Pa. Three children of John Dunn, an iron-worker, Mary, Lilly, and Stella Dunn, found a railroad torpedo on the track near their home. The oldest, Mary, seven years of age, told her sisters, Lilly, aged five years, and Stella, three years, that the box contained money, and that she would open it for them. The three seated themselves in a group at the curbstone, and the oldest proceeded to smash the box with a boulder. An explosion followed, and the fragments of the torpedo wrought fearful work. Lilly's right eye was put out, her face and head were terribly cut, and a piece of the shell penetrated the eye and perhaps touched the brain. She cannot recover. Stella fared even worse. A piece of the skull from the right side of the head was cut entirely off, as though shaved with a razor. Mary was not fatally hurt.

JOHN HARRISON AND THE LONGITUDE WATCH.

THE method of ascertaining longitude by means of the watch is briefly as follows: If a navigator has a chronometer showing him the exact time at Greenwich, the instant that the sun comes to his meridian it is twelve o'clock, and the difference between this time and the hour marked by the chronometer gives him his longitude; or, when the time is known at which any particular star passes the meridian at Greenwich, if the navigator marks the instant at which the star comes to his meridian, the difference between this time and the time it would appear at Greenwich is the difference in longitude.

This problem had, however, been but inaccurately solved for want of good watches. Huyghens is supposed to have been the first who thought of constructing timekeepers for this purpose; but at that period, 1664, sufficient attention had not been paid to the effects produced on metals by the variations of temperature in different climates, and he unfortunately failed in his experiments. Maritime nations had already promised rewards to any one who should make the discovery.

In 1598 Philip III. of Spain offered a prize of 1,000 crowns; the Dutch followed this example; the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, offered in the name of the king, 100,000 livres; and the French Academy awarded annually a prize to those who made the most useful discoveries connected with the subject.

The English, being the greatest navigators, were most interested; and in 1714 Parliament appointed a committee to consider the question, foremost of whom was Sir Isaac Newton, who at once suggested the discovery of the longitude by the dial of an accurate timekeeper; and upon their recommendation the legislature of Queen Anne, in 1714, passed an act granting £10,000 if the method found discovered the longitude to a degree, or sixty geographical miles; £15,000 if to forty miles, and £20,000 if to thirty miles; to be determined by a voyage from a port in Great Britain to any port in America. At length, after the golden promises of sovereigns, and the researches of the greatest philosophers of the age had for nearly a century and a half failed in the great discovery, it was made by a self-taught genius, who was bred a village carpenter, and never acquired any acquaintance with literature.

John Harrison was born at Faulby, near Pontefract, in Yorkshire, in 1693; he was the son of a carpenter, which occupation he followed for several years; yet he very early manifested a taste for mathematical science, said to have been first awakened by a copy of some lectures of Saunderson, the blind mathematician, that accidentally fell into his hands. He was also fond of mechanical pursuits; and before he was twenty-one he had made two wooden clocks by himself, and without having received any instruction in the art. His residence in view of the sea is said to have led him to devote himself to the construction of marine timepieces, and in 1728 he first went up to London to prosecute this object; in 1736 he completed the first chronometer used at sea—it neither varied from change of temperature nor the motion of the vessel. Having obtained certificates of its excellence from Halley, Graham, and others, this timekeeper was placed on board a ship-of-war going to Lisbon, the captain of which attested that Harrison had corrected an error of about a degree and a half upon their return to the English Channel. The Parliamentary Commissioners now presented Harrison with £500, to enable him to proceed with his experiments.

In 1739 he produced a smaller chronometer, which promised to give the longitude with even greater accuracy. In 1741 he finished another, smaller than either, which the Fellows of the Royal Society considered to be more simple and less likely to be deranged; and in 1749 Harrison received the society's gold medal.

Having much improved and corrected this third chronometer, Harrison claimed a trial of it; and the commissioners accordingly, in 1761, sent out his son William in a king's ship to Jamaica. After eighteen days' navigation, the vessel was supposed to be thirteen degrees fifty minutes west of Portsmouth, while the watch, marking fifteen degrees nineteen minutes, was condemned as useless.

Harrison, however, maintained that if Portland Island were correctly marked on the chart it would be seen on the following day; in this he persisted so strongly that the captain was induced to continue in the same course, and accordingly the island was discovered the next day. This raised Harrison and his watch in the estimation of the crew, who otherwise would not have been able to procure the necessary stores during the remainder of the voyage.

In like manner, Harrison was enabled by his watch to announce all the islands in the order in which they would fall in with them. On his arrival at Port Royal, after a voyage of eighty-one days, the chronometer was found to be about five seconds slow; and on his return to Portsmouth, after a voyage of five months, it had kept the time within about one minute five seconds, which gives an error of about eighteen miles. This was much within the limits of thirty miles prescribed by the Act of 1714, and Harrison claimed the reward; but several objections being taken to the proofs, William Harrison made a second voyage, which left no further doubt of Harrison's claim, his chronometer having determined the position of Barbadoes within the limits prescribed by the Act. The sum of £20,000 was then awarded to him—£10,000 immediately on his explaining the principle of construction, the other half on its being ascertained that the chronometer could be made by others. Liberal as this reward appears, it must be remembered that Harrison devoted upward of forty years before his inventions were perfected, or their general merit fully established.

The most important of these improvements are the gridiron pendulum and the expansion balance-wheel; the one serving to equalize the movements of a clock, and the other those of a watch, under all changes of temperature; and both depending upon the unequal stretching, under change of temperature, of two different metals, which are so employed to form the rod of the pendulum and the circumference of the wheel, that the contraction of the one exactly counterbalances the expansion of the other. Another of Harrison's important inventions is the *going fusee*, by which a watch can be wound up without interrupting its movement. This curious machine, as well as the other timekeepers of Harrison, is still preserved at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. Being discovered there in a very dilapidated state several years ago, it was put in repair at the expense of Messrs. Arnold & Dent. Excepting the escapment-wheel, all the wheels were of wood—merely flat disks with wooden teeth. The pinions also were of wood. Mr. Dent states that the arrangements for obviating friction were so admirable, that on the removal of part of the escapement the train of wheels ran down with great velocity, although they had not revolved for more than a century before.

Harrison died at his house in Red Lion Square in 1776, in his eighty-third year. On mechanics, and subjects connected with that science, he could converse clearly; but he found great difficulty in expressing his sentiments in writing, as is evident from a work which he left on the construction of timepieces. Still his labors present a remarkable instance of what natural genius can accomplish in one particular line without cultivation.

It should, however, be added that the complexity of Harrison's timekeeper, and its high price, £400, left to be invented, for practical purposes, an instrument of greater simplicity, in the timekeeper of John Arnold, for which he and his son received the government reward of £3,000. In this machine each part performs unchecked the office assigned to it; and its extreme variation in twelve months has been fifty-seven hundreds only. It is therefore highly honorable to the English artists that by their ingenuity and skill they have accomplished the great object which had occupied the attention of the learned of Europe for nearly three hundred years, namely the means of discovering the longitude at sea.

In 1793 a committee of the House of Commons gave to Thomas Mudge, a London watchmaker (or to his son for him), in opposition to the opinion of the board of longitude, a reward of £3,000 for inventing a remontoire escapement for chronometers, "not worth a farthing," says Mr. E. B. Denison, "and, as indeed it turned out, worth a great deal less to his son, who proceeded to make the chronometer."

Mr. Denison maintains that Thomas Earnshaw brought the chronometer to the state in which it has remained for the last eighty years, with scarcely any alteration; the chronometers of inferior artists were always beaten by his, whenever they came into competition; and these artists afterward copied Earnshaw's inventions, and did their best to prevent his being rewarded for them.

Chronometers have attained high excellence. One of the New York chronometers supplied to the Grinnell Arctic Expedition was subjected to all sorts of exposure to which such instruments are liable in a Polar Winter; but was so exquisitely provided with adjustments and compensations for the very great extremes of temperature to which it had been subjected, that it was returned with a change in its daily rate, during a year and a half, of only the eighteen-thousandth part of one second of time. It should be borne in mind that the temperature registered during the Winter in Wellington Straits was actually 46 degrees below zero.

Through the Heart of Japan.

By COMMODORE AH-LOOK,

Author of "Keep your Bounds," "Inventive Ben," "Orville and Dan," "The Chums at Harvard College," Etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CHUMS BID ADIEU TO JOHNNIE.

"TRANSLATE what he has said to you!" tartly demanded the aged dame.

Tofu was in a dilemma.

She hated to leave Johnnie in the hands of the palace-guards, and, at the same time, was afraid to confess the truth.

At that moment who should arrive upon the scene but the Empress!

"What are those men doing?" she haughtily demanded, glancing at the intruders, who were covered from head to foot with damp leaves. "How dare they intrude upon the privacy of my palace?"

"They are *ronins* and burglars!" said the old woman, decisively. "I secured one, and the other was found in the leaf-pit. They ought to be decapitated."

"That would be carrying the joke too far," smilingly observed Johnnie, who, now the Empress was present, felt tolerably secure.

"Joke!" cried the matron, appealing to the Empress. "Oh, they must die by torture!"

"Your Most Gracious Majesty," said the wag, bowing, and dropping leaves like a tree in Autumn, "I am Professor Brackett, the American, whom you lately honored with an audience. This gentleman, my pupil, is Mr. Kura-no-suke, a descendant of Oishi, the great *ronin*!"

"Oh!" cried the ladies, who, like the Empress, recognized Johnnie's voice—"oh, your Majesty, he is indeed the professor."

Upon hearing this the imperial lady retired to her own apartments, taking with her the old lady, to whom she gave the following instructions:

"Find out how the professor came hither, and for what purpose.

"Send him and his pupil home to their *yashaki*. Let a guard accompany them.

"Charge my ladies not to mention this affair to any one. I have no doubt but that it can be explained, and is right, according to American ideas; however, as we think differently from what they do, the matter must be kept a secret. Request the professor to do the same."

While the Empress was giving her instructions Tofu said to Johnnie, in English:

"Oh, you dreadful man! What shall I do? If it comes out that you were here to serenade me I shall be sent away from the palace in disgrace."

"Fly with me to the land of the free," whispered Brackett, dropping a shower of leaves as he spoke. "Oh, Tofu! I did this all for thee. They've smashed my banjo and put me in a hole, but I don't mind that if you'll only be mine!"

"I told you to come to the other side of the palace," said the poor girl. "We were all waiting up to hear you sing, and now—oh, I shall get into such trouble!"

"I'll take all the blame," said Johnnie. "Will the other young ladies tell on you?"

"Oh, no," she said, with a little sob. "We all love one another, and hate the woman you serenaded. She is an inquisitive old thing."

"Do not worry about me, Tofu," he answered. "Pretend to be ignorant of the truth, and I'll fix it. By-the-way, we're going to quit Tokio to-morrow. Ben has gone to Saitama, and we are to follow him at daybreak. Here comes the old lady; farewell, my angel—my goddess, farewell!"

"Will you take a little note to him for me?" whispered Tofu.

"Well, y-ee-s," said Johnnie. "Say, Tofu, you'll be mine, won't you?"

The other young ladies, who could not understand a word of English, were listening with parted lips, and the old woman was close at hand, so Tofu, glancing modestly downward, said, in a low, significant, hurried manner:

"The crow will find a fitting mate!
The bravest crow will be her fate!
The man who truly loves can wait!"

Ere he could reply she had retreated among her companions, who were slyly making fun of Johnnie's and Kura's comical appearance.

"*Sama*," said the matron, in a sharp voice, "her most gracious Majesty the Empress desires to learn what brought you hither, and how you came?"

Johnnie listened respectfully, then said to her, in a sort of aside:

"I came here to serenade you, fair one. You, my lovely *Karasu*." (Crow.)

This reply convulsed the young ladies, while the old woman, who was very vain, said:

"Me? Why should you serenade *me*?"

Brackett gave Kura a sly kick to keep him from snickering aloud, and replied, in the same serious tone as before:

"Lady, in my country we serenade those who are beautiful or distinguished for their genius, such as opera-singers and ward-politicians."

"Eh!" she queried. "Do you consider me beautiful? I was so once."

"You are so *now*!" admiringly replied the wag. "My pupil is in love with you. Not understanding how to play the *samisen*, or knowing how to sing, he has requested me to accompany him."

"Oh, stop!" breathed Kura.

These speeches almost choked the young ladies, many of whom, like Tofu, laughed until they cried, while the silly old woman glanced timidly downward, like a simpering girl, and said:

"So you came to serenade *me*?"

"*He* did," coolly answered the wag, pointing to Kura, who was as mad as a cat. "Lady, he loves you," then, giving his companion a sly poke in the ribs, added: "Come, pupil, own up."

Kura thought too much of his friend to expose him, at the same time he did not wish to say he admired the old scrub-woman, so he murmured:

"The youths gape with awe on the wrinkles of age;
Are silent when in the presence of antiquity!"

This speech almost choked the young ladies, who ran off to their rooms, where they enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of the conceited old woman.

When all the pretty girls had retired, the aged female demanded:

"Are you playing *hajiki* (a snap game), young man?"

"I came to serenade you on the part of my venerable uncle, who desires a beautiful and accomplished wife!" said Kura, with a knowing glance at Johnnie, adding, glibly: "Ah, I perceive, lady, you are not inclined to marry him, so, with your permission, we will retire! I regret having caused her most gracious Majesty the Empress alarm!"

"Stop!" sniffed the matron, who, though she knew the young men were telling stories, pretended to believe them; "you can tell your relative that I do not desire to marry! Stay here until I summon a guard to escort you to the *yashaki*!"

When she was out of hearing, Johnnie whispered:

"Well done, pupil! I thought I'd put the joke on to you, but find you're quite as smart as myself. You turned it on to her nicely!"

As he spoke, Tofu noiselessly entered the apartment, and, hurriedly handing him an open note, addressed to Benkei, said:

"Read that and give it to my cousin!" then, glancing merrily at him, whispered: "*Sai-o-nara* (farewell), and vanished.

Johnnie opened the paper and perused its contents, which were in English, and ran:

"Cousin Yuzo—Persimmons—Tofu."

"She's given him persimmons!" he chuckled. "Poor Benkei, won't he be mad when I deliver this to him?"

Kura nodded.

In a few moments the old woman returned with the guards; each of them carried a paper-lantern and a bamboo-staff.

"Conduct this *Sama* and his servant to the *yashaki* occupied by the Americans," she observed, with a sniff.

"Good-night! *Sai-o-nara!*" said Johnnie, who was glad to get off so easily. "I am sorry our mission has failed!"

The matron detained him until Kura and the others had quitted the apartment, then said, in a severe tone:

"The silly child always believes it can deceive the grand-parent."

"That's so," murmured the wag. "You're old enough to be my grandmother."

This, taken from a Japanese point of view, was a compliment, so she bowed and continued:

"You will please not mention your visit to any one?"

Brackett glanced at his leafy costume in a mirror, and said:

"Have no fear, ma'am. I'm just as anxious to keep the affair quiet as you are. *Sai-o-nara!* You'll see me again on my return to Tokio," adding, with a wink, "Mum's the word."

She watched his exit, after which she said, aloud:

"Oh, what a thing it is to be so attractive! I will find out Mr. Kura-no-suke's relative, and after all, may secure him. I thought they were fooling me."

As she uttered the last word, somebody on the other side of the paper screen laughed musically.

It was Tofu, who had overheard all that had passed between Johnnie and the dame.

The latter drew back the screen and beheld the merry girl, who said:

"Matron of the scrub and sweep-girls, I wish you joy of the coming event."

The old woman's eyes glittered.

She understood everything.

"Ah, miss," she angrily cried, "I know, now. That *I-jin* came hither to serenade *you*."

Tofu, who was as full of mischief as a kitten, danced and sang a song, which meant, in English:

"Love is like a persimmon,
Puckery when it's green.
But delightful when mature,
As you've often seen.
Lovers dream of persimmons
When they go to sleep.
Girls delight to pluck the fruit,
Knowing it will keep."

"*Ah-hae*, I understand," snapped the dame, "You're in love with that foreign fellow. I'll inform the Empress of your folly."

"He's ever so nice—like a ripe persimmon," laughingly answered the girl; adding, as she retreated toward her own room: "Oh, what a thing it is to be so attractive! If you tell upon me, I shall talk, too!"

The old lady grumbled and growled, but kept her own council, and when the Empress asked her why Johnnie and Kura had visited the palace, said:

"Your most gracious majesty, they intended to serenade an American lady who lives at the missionaries' house; but, in the dark, wandered into these grounds. They saw lights and mistook the building for another."

The Empress smiled, and there the matter ended.

When Johnnie and Kura arrived at the *yashaki* they dismissed the guard and went to bed.

Orv, Dan and Don heard them return, so knew they were all right.

About ten o'clock the next morning Brackett rose, and as he passed the doors of his chums' apartments, shouted: "Come, rouse out, boys! You ought to have been up an hour ago!"

At the entrance to the bath-room he was met by one of the servants, who handed him a letter.

"Hello, from Orv!" he cried. "Have they started for Saitama?"

"All the *samas* left here at daybreak," said the man. "The *yashaki* will remain open, at your disposition, until you embark for home."

"Until I *what*?" he shouted. "Who said I am going home?"

The man merely bowed, murmuring:

"Those were our instructions from Orville Fillamore, *sama*. He said you would embark on board the steamer sailing on the thirteenth."

"Oh, he *did*, did he?" gasped Johnnie, tearing open the envelope. "Go and order breakfast for two hungry people. I'll talk to you when I've read this and had my bath."

When the servant had retired, Brackett seated himself upon a bench and read the communication, which was as follows:

"TOKIO, 6, A.M., Wednesday.

"DEAR CHUM.—After you started last night upon

your absurd visit we held a long consultation about you, and have reluctantly come to the conclusion that we must leave you behind. We are about to explore the heart of Japan, where, as we know by experience, a foolish, thoughtless act on your part may cause us to be attacked by persons inimical to foreigners, and perhaps result in one or more deaths.

"You cannot help playing practical jokes on people—it is part of your nature. We do not blame you, Johnnie, old chum; we part the best of friends, and, in so doing, advise you to take the first steamer home. We, therefore, bid you good-by, and with every kind wish, remain,

"Your sincere friends and chums,
"ORVILLE FILLAMORE.
"DANIEL FILLAMORE.
"DONALD MORTIMER."

Johnnie gravely read this through, then summoned Kura and translated its contents to him.

"It's rough on me," he said, as he closed the letter; "but if chums think they can shake me like that, they're mistaken."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Kura.

"Do!" cried Johnnie; "why, I'll see Nami, and will put up the biggest joke on them yet! We still live!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JAPANESE PERSIMMONS.

LEAVING Johnnie with his pupil, Kura, we will follow the fortunes of Orv, Dan, Don and Benkei.

When the three first named arrived at Saitama, they were met by Ben, who was evidently on the lookout for them.

The riders dismounted from their bicycles, and after shaking their chum's hand, inquired about his parents' health.

Benkei was very reticent, merely saying that his father had quite recovered, the truth being, the old gentleman had indulged too freely in *saké*, and scared his family with his extraordinary antics.

In Japan, as with us, excessive indulgence in fermented beverages causes the people to go crazy and make fools of themselves.

Like a true Nihonese, Ben desired to conceal his father's weakness, not parade it before the world.

"What ailed the old gentleman?" asked Dan.

"A bilious attack," said the doctor; then, changing the topic of conversation, continued, "Where is Johnnie?"

Orville told him that they had decided to get rid of Brackett, and showed him a copy of their letter, after reading which Ben observed:

"I'm sorry. Spite of his fondness for joking, he is a capital fellow."

"I should think you would feel glad to have him away from Tofu," remarked Dan. "You know you're jealous of him, Ben."

The doctor laughed, but did not reply.

"I fully agree with the decision of my chums," said Don Mortimer. "Brack is all right as long as he isn't playing off what he calls his jokes."

"That's about all the time," chuckled Benkei. "Chums, I must say what I think. I deeply regret the step you have taken, and so will you. Suppose we invite him to join us? It will be awfully dull without him."

"Nonsense!" cried Orville. "Upon my word, Ben, you're ridiculously kind-hearted. Johnnie has played you no end of tricks, yet you want to have him serve you some more."

As they chatted, the young men led their bicycles and Benkei walked with them.

Halting under a clump of grand old trees, near a Shinto shrine, he said, in a voice that plainly betrayed how intensely he was moved:

"Orville—Dan. I never knew you to do a mean act. We must settle this matter before we enter my father's house. Johnnie is a real noble fellow, and I cannot bear to have him treated in that way."

"Oh, write and ask him to join us, then!" snapped Orv. "We sent him that letter more on your account than we did on our own. You're very hard to please, Ben. I don't think you care for us."

"Orv, old chum," said the doctor, in a gentle yet firm tone, "I want you to take that right back."

"I never eat my words," was the young man's reply.

Benkei looked at him significantly, and said:

"Our *Kojiki* teaches us:

'When you are right
Plant your feet firmly!
When in error,
Retire gracefully!
It is more noble
To acknowledge a fault
Than, out of pride,
To defend it!'"

"I consider I am in the right," warmly observed Orville. "If you had reason on your side, I would acknowledge myself in error."

"That's so, brother," said Dan. "I agree with you; Ben ought to be real glad to get rid of such an unmanageable fellow as Brack. I like the latter first-rate, but we're not safe as long as he is with us. When we enter the heart of Japan we shall have enough to do without looking after such a reckless being as Johnnie."

NOVEL BAIT FOR BASS.—A DOG'S TAIL SEIZED, AND THE DOG NEARLY DROWNED, BY A MONSTER FISH.—SEE PAGE 275.

"That is my opinion," said Don Mortimer. "Come, Ben, old man, be reasonable. As Orv says, we got rid of Brackett as much on your account as on our own."

Benkei conquered his indignation, for he thoroughly understood the motive that prompted them, and continued to defend his absent friend.

Their altercation, which was conducted in English, attracted a number of children, who listened with open mouths and ears to the strange language.

"Chums," said Ben, "I acknowledge that Johnnie's jokes are sometimes very annoying, but, even allowing he is all you say, you must not forget he is one of us. When we quitted the States we were pledged to stand by one another to the death, and have no right to leave him in a strange land. We are like brothers, bound to bear with one another's weaknesses, and I earnestly request you will reconsider your determination. After all, what has the good fellow done to you? His joke with Kura ended in turning a drunken *ronin* into a loyal subject of the Mikado; his singing, to amuse the spinning women brought to your notice the fact that your country had bullied Japan out of an indemnity. Are those acts crimes which would justify your abandoning him to his own devices?"

His earnest words touched his chums, and Orville said:

"What we are afraid of is his behavior hereafter. When we are away in the interior of the country, where foreigners are seldom seen, he will get us into no end of trouble."

"I'll be responsible for his acts," said Ben. "Let us invite him to join us right away. My parents will regret his absence."

"How can we eat our words?" inquired Dan.

"I'll show you," quickly answered Ben. "Come to the telegraph office. It's only a few steps down the street."

"Benkei, old fellow, you're a brick," said Orville, extending his hand. "We're in the wrong; don't you think so, boys? I apologize, Ben; you've gained another victory over our conceit."

"Yes," nodded Dan, who was moved by his friend's disinterested words. "I take back all I said."

"So do I," remarked Mortimer. "The next thing is, how are we to settle matters with Johnnie? By-the-way, Benkei, he went off with Kura last evening to serenade the Princess Ichijo, and did not return until early this morning, when he was conducted to our *yashaki* by the palace guards. I am of the opinion he made a muddle of his serenade."

"Oh, he's perfectly able to get out of any muss," laughingly replied the doctor, as they halted before the door of the telegraph office. "Leave your bicycles out here and come in, while I write the message."

They followed Ben, and watched him pen this:

"SAITAMA, MUSHASHI, Sept. 11th, 18—.

"DEAR CHUM—We hope you enjoyed our joke. Mr. Benkei, senior, and Mrs. Benkei and daughters are looking out for your arrival, as are your chums,

"BENKEI YUZO,
"ORVILLE FILLAMORE,
"DAN FILLAMORE,
"DONALD MORTIMER."

This was duly dispatched, after doing which Ben led them to his father's house.

Mr. and Mrs. Benkei were delighted to see them again, and Sin and Ten-jin blushed like roses as they saluted their old friends.

All the family inquired:

"Where is Professor Brackett?"

"Oh, he is coming," said the young men, but up to midnight they did not receive an answer to their telegram.

As his guests retired to rest, Ben remarked:

"Say, boys, if Johnnie is not here by noon, I shall run down to the *yashaki*. I am afraid he's mad over that letter."

"He'll come round all right," murmured Orv, as he stretched himself on his sleeping-mat. "Don't you worry, doc. Good-night."

After they had breakfasted, Benkei went to the post-office, and returned with two letters, one for himself, inclosing Tofu's note, and the other addressed:

"Professor Orville Fillamore, A.B., S.B.
"Care of Benkei Yuzo, *sonin*.
"Saitama, Province of Mushashi."

Orville opened his note, which read as follows:

"Dear Chums—Persimmons—JOHNNIE."

Benkei exhibited Tofu's epistle, and said, in a disappointed tone:

"I wish the princess would write in Japanese. Persimmons has a number of meanings. Written with two extra strokes on the left, it signifies 'Don't try to pucker your mouth with me.'"

"Then she has accepted Johnnie?" said Orv.

"I fear so," groaned Benkei. "Persimmons, written with a dot on the right, means, 'He who loves (to eat) me has to wait.' (Until I am ripe, or old enough.)"

"But what does he desire to let us understand?" asked Don Mortimer. "He has evidently read Tofu's letter."

"Yes," sighed Benkei; "it's plain enough to me. He has been accepted by the princess, and their letters mean the former, or, to put it more plainly, 'Don't you wish you may get me?'"

"Oh, old chum, you are well rid of her," said Dan. "Really, when we come to think of it, Johnnie was an awful care. Brace up, Ben, and look out for another young lady."

"I shall never meet either another Tofu or a merry chum like poor Johnnie Brackett," sighed the doctor. "I am sorry enough to lose both. Brack can now, like the immortal Iyéyasu, say, '*Ogaki waga té ni otsuri*.' (The persimmon has fallen into my hand.) Ah, he is a noble fellow, and if he only gives over playing tricks, will make Tofu an excellent husband. Anyhow, I think I will take a *spin* as far as Tokio."

"Then you'll learn the worst," remarked Orv, winking at Dan. "I would not give her up without a struggle."

"Nor I," said Dan. "Maybe you'll ascertain which character for persimmons she meant to use."

After Benkei had explained to his parents that he was going in search of Brackett, he started on his bicycle.

When he arrived at the *yashaki*, he found Kura sitting on Johnnie's baggage, which was labeled:

"Professor John Brackett, Boston, Mass."
(Not wanted on the voyage.)

"Is the professor really going?" he inquired.

"Yes," nodded Kura; "I'm to accompany him."

"Will he—will he take his *wife* with him?" nervously asked the doctor.

"I don't know his private business," said Kura. "He started for Yokohama this morning, and told me to follow with his effects. He is very indignant about that letter. You have made him feel bad."

Benkei thought a moment, then mounting his bicycle, proceeded to the palace of the Empress.

As it was not a reception-day he went round to the servants' entrance and bribed a guard to summon one of the maids whom he knew attended upon Tofu.

When the girl came he said to her:

"Hatsu, I beg you will ask the Princess Ichijo, from me, what kind of persimmon she likes. Bring me a reply, and I will send you a lovely *obi*." (Silk sash.)

Hatsu lowered the lashes of her eyes and answered:

"Oh, Sir Benkei Yuzo, I am afraid to do what you ask."

"I'll give you two *obi*," he urged. "Chikusen ones, not the sleazy things they make here in Tokio. *Ha-yaku!* I am burning to know which the princess loves."

The girl hesitated for a moment, then retired, presently returning with a small leaf-covered, bag-shaped bamboo-basket.

"Take this," she whispered. "Send the *obi* to Hatsu of the parlor-maids—the palace of the Empress. I'll look out for them."

"You shall receive the reward," he said. "*Sai-o-nara!*"

Mounting his bicycle, he sped in and out the paths until he reached the bounds of the park, when he halted, dismounted and examined his prize, which contained three persimmons and a scrap of paper marked with the Japanese characters *ka* (meaning musquito, or note of interrogation).

Benkei smiled when he saw this, then mounting his bicycle, spun homeward with the precious basket dangling from the rear of the machine.

Upon arriving at his father's house he proceeded to Orville's room, and summoning his chums, said:

"Johnnie is mad. He has gone to Yokohama, and will sail for the States by next steamer."

"Will he take a bride with him?" inquired Dan.

"Chums," replied Ben, producing his basket, "which of you will represent me in a luck-drawing experiment?"

"I will!" they simultaneously cried.

"Toss for it," he said.

Orville hunted up a big penny, and Dan won the toss.

"Now," nervously remarked Benkei, "this may appear superstitious to you, but we don't consider it so."

"What?" demanded Dan.

"We call this asking a question blindfolded," continued Benkei.

Taking out the fruit from the basket, and placing them in a triangle on the *tokonoma*, he said:

"Here are three persimmons; a green one, a dried sample for Winter eating, and a luscious ripe one. Now, you blindfold Dan and mix them up, then lead him to the fruit. The first he touchs will decide my fate."

"Anything to please you!" murmured Dan, as Mortimer bound his eyes with a silk scarf.

Orville mixed the *ogaki* until their relative positions were changed, after which he cried:

"This way, brother!"

Dan dropped upon his hands and knees, and, approaching the *tokonoma*, tumbled round, presently grasping the ripe specimen of the fruit.

Benkei received this joyfully, and sang an old Japanese song, which may be thus translated:

"I had *ogaki* three;
The first was green as it could be,
The second dry-like wood,
But the third was ripe and good.
Ah, that's the fruit for me!
I had *ogaki* three!"

After shouting this merrily he danced the "Persimmon dance," every now and then yelling like an Indian.

"Say, brother," said Dan to Orv, "Benkei's gone clean out of his mind!"

"Oh, no!" cried the dancer, executing a pigeon-wing worthy of a negro-minstrel artist and landing

JOHN HARRISON.—SEE PAGE 275.

with a "slap" that made the building shake; "I'm not out of my mind, boys! I'm only in love! Johnnie would have no chance to win Tofu, even if he were to remain in Dai Nihon!"

"I thought your Harvard training had dispelled all such superstitious nonsense from your mind!" said Don Mortimer.

Ben slowly closed his eye, as he took a bite at the delicious fruit, and mumbled:

"I don't care if it is a superstition! My representative touched the ripe persimmon! I can say, like the immortal Iyéyasu, when he reached Gifu, '*Ogaki waga te ni otsuru!*' Boys, I feel *good!*"

"Benkei," sadly observed Don Mortimer, "I fear your college acquirements have not enlightened you as they should have done! If the princess loves you she will be yours, spite of such an absurd ceremoney as the one we have just gone through!"

Ben listened respectfully, then remarked, with a sigh:

"So you've got it, too! Permit me to feel your pulse?"

Mort, imagining that he had contracted some terrible Japanese disease, grew pale, and eagerly inquired:

"Got what? Do I look sick? I hear you have several dreadful complaints in this country. I have felt uneasy all day."

Orv winked at Dan, as Benkei gravely replied:

"Yours is not a Nihonese trouble, chum! It's that common Yankee complaint—meddling with other folks' business!"

"Re-cor-ded!" smilingly answered the journalist. "You're right, Ben, old man! We're too fond of interfering with other people's affairs! Forgive me, won't you?"

"It's all O K, chum," quietly replied the doctor. "Between ourselves, I do not really believe in the blindfold selection, or in what you Americans term omens. Harvard took that much out of me, and almost wiped all belief from my mind. Come, it is time for supper; my mother is awaiting us."

They remained at Saitama until the fifteenth of September, starting early on the morning of that day for the heart of Japan.

Orville's idea was to follow the Nakasendo (central mountain road), which traverses the provinces of Musashi, Kodzuke, Shinanoo, Mino, Omi and Yamashuro, and is nearly four hundred miles long.

It begins at the Nihon-bashi bridge, in Tokio, and ends at the bridge of Sanjo, over the river at Kioto, and has, along its route, nine toge (mountain passes). This journey usually occupies the Japanese traveler fourteen days.

TERRIBLE RESULT OF PLAYING WITH A TORPEDO.—SEE PAGE 275.

After saying "*Sai-o-nara!*" to the Benkies, Orville, Dan, Ben and Don mounted their bicycles and rode along the well-kept highway, until they reached the border of the Province of Kodzuke.

Night being near, the party halted at a roadside inn, and as they were in the act of locking the wheels of their bicycles, so that the instruments should not be tampered with by inquisitive natives, a guard of district police arrived and arrested them.

"We are guests of the Mikado!" sternly observed Benkei.

"Oh, yes, we know you!" chuckled the chief of the squad. "Come along!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BEGINNING OF A LONG TRAMP.

AT first the chums resisted, but presently, listening to Benkei's advice, quieted down, and were marched to a collection of buildings standing in a grove of trees about a mile from the tea-house.

At the head of the procession stalked Orv, outwardly, grave as a judge, and inwardly, mad as a cat.

Then came Dan, who was as surly as a bear.

After him strode Don, with his face in a pucker, and bringing up the rear sauntered Benkei, who took the arrest as an incident of travel.

Behind the party staggered policemen carrying the bicycles.

"Take the prisoners into the magistrate's reception-room, while I report their arrest," said the officer.

The friends were ushered into a matted apartment, at the far end of which was a divan, such as is occupied by officials when trying cases.

At the back of this were sliding sashes, communicating with the main part of the house.

These were marked with two beautifully decorated folding-screens.

Such was the Japanese hall of justice.

In a short time lighted lanterns were brought, and the sashes slid back, when there entered a grave-looking man, apparently about thirty-five years of age.

As he squatted upon the divan the officials prostrated themselves almost to the ground, noticing which the prisoners bowed respectfully.

It is always best to be polite to those in authority.

"Don't speak until you are addressed," breathed Benkei to his companions. "He looks like one of the ex-Shogun's men, and may annoy us if we irritate him. Leave your defense to me."

"All right," they whispered.

While they were hurriedly exchanging words, two persons in dark-blue, silken garments, entered from the house and knelt behind the screens, through holes in which they could see all that passed in the hall.

The magistrate coughed, then said to the chief of police:

"Bring the prisoners forward separately. Warn them if they are not respectful, and if they refuse to confess their crimes, they will be tortured."

This was duly repeated to the chums, after which the official signaled the officer to advance with Orville.

"Be cautious," said Ben, in a low tone. "These ex-Shogun officials are dangerous to trifle with."

Orville nodded by way of *reply*; then was led to the mat in front of the divan.

"Perform the Respectful Ceremony," said the chief constable.

"Never!" cried the young man. "I am a free-born American. I prostrate myself to no one."

"Torture him," said the magistrate. "I insist that he obeys!"

In those days torture was practiced in the courts of Japan. Within the last few months the Mikado has entirely abolished its use.

At the word "torture" one of the persons secreted behind the screens, slipped on a mask, and grasping a huge pair of pincers, rose, and advanced toward Orville, who, glancing in affright at the terrible instrument, said, in an indignant voice:

"Most honorable magistrate, I am Professor Orville Filiamore, a citizen of the United States, and a guest of his most gracious Majesty the Mikado."

"Were you not once a sailor in a ship called the *Ocean Belle?*" sternly demanded their judge. "Did you not run away from her?"

"That was years ago!" explained Orv, in a nervous tone. "I am now here as a guest of the Tenno."

"You speak falsely," slowly observed the magistrate. "If you do not confess the truth I will have your flesh pulled off your bones with red-hot pincers."

"I'm not going to lie to please you!" bravely answered the young man. "You'll lose your head if you injure one of us!"

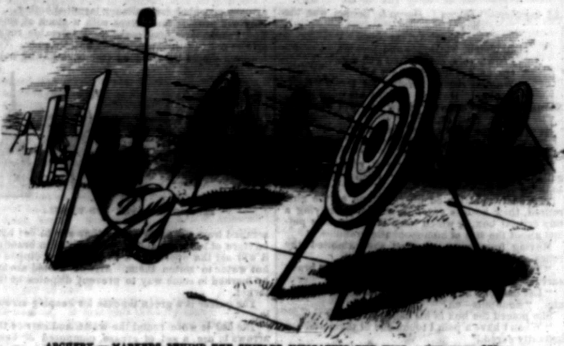
"Take him away and pull out his tongue!" hissed the magistrate. "Fellow, you are an impostor."

The masked torturer bowed, and grasping Orville by the arm, was conducting him out of the room, when Benkei, Dan and Don broke from their guards and rushed forward, Ben indignantly exclaiming, as he produced the Mikado's commission:

"Sir Magistrate, respect this. I here hold the sacred seal of the Tenno. These noble men are his guests. Woe betide you if harm befall them!"

The magistrate veiled his face with his fan in order to conceal his emotion, then lowering the in-

ARCHERY.—AN ARROW-BOY BRINGING BACK AMMUNITION.



ARCHERY.—MARKERS BEHIND THE SHIELDS INDICATING THE HITS.—SEE PAGE 278.

strument, said: "I know you. You are a renegade born named Benkei Yuzo. Your sentence is this: You, Benkei, are to be tortured and decapitated, and your accomplices are to be tortured. When they have confessed their crime, they will be sent to Tokio for execution."

"Who is our accuser?" demanded Benkei. "With what crime are we charged?"

"Prosecutor," gravely observed the magistrate, turning to the person kneeling behind the second screen, "of what crime do you accuse these wretches?"

A dead silence ensued, then the individual addressed rose, advanced face to face, so that they could not see his features, and, after bowing to the magistrate, said, in a low tone:

"I charge them with conspiracy."

The prisoners trembled.

"Who are you?" earnestly demanded Orville. "I have heard your voice before. If you're a man, show your face. Who are you?"

"I'm your old chum, Johnnie!" replied the gentleman in blue, dropping his fan. "Boys, I think you have been scared enough for conspiring to get rid of me."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the executioner, throwing down his pincers and pulling off his wig and face-cover.

It was Nami, the artist-printer.

"Gentlemen," gravely observed the judge, removing his make-up and revealing the features of Kura, "I hope you won't be angry with me. Your sentence is remitted."

"You rascal, Brack, how you've scared us!" said Orv, good-humoredly. "Confound you! I suppose we must shake hands."

They crowded round Johnnie, and in spite of their late fright, were real glad to see him.

"Boys," he cried, as they retired to an adjoining room, in which was spread an elegant repast, "when I read that letter of yours, I felt mad, so I went off to Nami and showed it him. Said he 'They will be sure to take the Nakasendo road for Kioto. We'll put up a job on them and give them a scare!'"

"Who were the police?" inquired Dan. "They played their parts well."

"This place belongs to me, and I am one of the magistrates of the district," said Nami. "I swore in a lot of my printers as special constables, then told them the secret."

"I swear you frightened me out of a year's growth," said Don Mortimer. "I feel like saying my prayers."

A hearty laugh followed this, and they acknowledged Johnnie had more than got even with them.

"Surely you saw through the joke, Benkei?" said Nami. "Now that the Mikado rules, no magistrate is allowed to order torture or decapitation."

"I was too anxious about my friends to *think* much," said the good fellow. "The fact is, I have been away from home so long, I don't know half the changes that have taken place. Anyhow, I'm glad to once more have Brackett with us."

"What did Tota mean by persimmons?" inquired Johnnie, addressing Ben. "I received a basket of the fruit from her the day you visited Tokio."

Benkei laughed merrily and replied:

"You wait, old chum; that's tellings."

This was one of Brackett's favorite expressions, so the boys guyed him, saying:

"It's all up with your chance, Brackett. Ben drew the ripe fruit. You must content yourself with the green one."

"Mine will *ripen*," he chuckled. "I tell you, boys, I mean to carry off the Princess. You thought you could get rid of me, but I was a match for you. Why, Nami, Kura and myself passed your house and you did not know us. I've not yet given up hope of winning Tota."

"Gentlemen," said their host, "I propose, instead of your going on bicycles along the well-known Nakasendo road, that you tramp it with me by a less common route—one more romantic. I know the paths, and will engage to show you the heart of Japan, and to land you in Kioto before the Breath of Cold-dew." (October 8th.)

"Is not the scenery of the Nakasendo very beautiful?" inquired Orville. "We calculated to bicycle it."

"And miss the glory of the scenes," cried Nami. "No, my friends, be advised by one who knows, and take the route I have proposed. You will thus learn all about the interior of our country."

The chums chatted over the matter, and finally agreed.

"We will leave our machines here for your people to send back," said Orv; "but how about food? Johnnie and Don are not used to Japanese grub."

"They will have to live as you did when traveling with Benkei," answered Nami. "Come, we had better retire to rest. We ought to start at daybreak."

The next morning, when the sun was reddening the tops of the mountains, the chums started with Nami and Kura on their long tramp.

Each carried a knapsack and a stout bamboo staff, shod with iron.

They were a jolly party and enjoyed every moment, singing and chatting as they journeyed.

"I'm glad you've rejoined us," said Benkei, as he and Johnnie, side by side, toiled up a steep ascent in a romantic canyon. "What put that trick you played on us into your head?"

"Nami and I concocted it between us!" chuckled the wag. "My first idea was to telegraph ahead of you, in the Mikado's name, to some district magistrate, saying you were runaway sailors and requesting your arrest and return to Tokio; but Nami said if I used the Imperial name I might get into hot water, so we put up the gag between us," adding: "I thought I should have died when Orv said, 'I am a free-born American! I prostrate myself to no one!' It's the best thing yet! I expected you'd come after me, so addressed my baggage as a blind!"

"Kura played his part admirably," said Ben, smiling at the remembrance of the scene. "Who made him up? He looked like a middle-aged magistrate!"

"Nami did," said Johnnie. "We rehearsed the farce two days ago, and were perfect in our parts. I tell you it was as good as a play to watch your faces," adding, slyly: "Surely you must have smelt the mouse in the rice-bag (*i. e.*, known it was a joke)? No magistrate would dare carry on as Kura did!"

"Oh, yes, they would," answered Benkei. "Until very lately our criminals were sometimes treated worse than you threatened to do us. Since I left Nihon there has been a great change, and the common people are now getting justice. When I was at Iburi, if a man had a grudge against his neighbor he denounced him to a magistrate, who would send a lot of police to arrest the victim. Then the accuser would lie, and if the prisoner denied the charge he would be tortured. I assure you the trick you played us very closely resembled what we formerly called justice!"

"What savages your countrymen are!" cried Brackett. "You must copy our way of dispensing justice! We have excellent magistrates in the States. They are appointed by the people!"

Benkei rolled his eyes, twitched his lips, chuckled and winked.

"Why do you laugh?" demanded Johnnie.

"I was thinking of a scene I saw in one of your police-courts," quietly answered the doctor. "A man, in a fit, had been picked up on the sidewalk. The police, not understanding his struggles were caused by his malady—or caring, for the matter of that—ran him in. I followed. The unfortunate man, who, by-the-way, was a respectable merchant, in vain endeavored to explain his situation. 'Charge?' snapped the magistrate, who was leaning back in his chair, chewing tobacco and laughing at a funny story told him by a visitor. 'Drunk and resisting the police!' replied the officer who had made the arrest. 'Ten days!' whispered the magistrate's clerk to the official. 'Ten days!' shouted the justice. 'One moment, your honor!' pleaded the prisoner, who, in addition to his clubbing, was dazed from the effects of his fit. 'I was not intoxicated! I am a prohibitionist!' 'Two weeks!' savagely replied the magistrate. 'Take him away!' And before I could say a word the unhappy man was hustled out of the pen."

"Of course you explained and obtained his release?" said Johnnie.

Ben sighed, and answered:

"I explained, and the courteous response of the official was, 'If you don't stop your chin I'll send you up, too. This bench knows better than you, if you are a doctor! I say the prisoner was drunk! Now scurry, or I'll give you a berth with your mate. You Chinese are getting too sassy; you ain't human, anyhow!'"

"I suppose that occurred somewhere out West?" indignantly remarked Brackett.

"No," calmly responded his chum; "it took place in New York. Of course, I understood it was an exceptional case, therefore I did not put down all your countrymen as savages."

"Chum," said Johnnie, halting and placing his hand upon Ben's shoulder, "I apologize! I am ashamed of that magistrate's act."

"I regret the necessity of recounting it," replied Benkei. "I was not scared by the bully, and by dint of keeping my temper, and after explaining I was a Japanese, and not a Chinese, finally brought him to reason. The result was the discharge of the prisoner, who died the next day."

"Ben, old man," presently remarked Brackett, as they recommenced their walk, "put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to a very hot place. That magistrate was a mounted beggar."

"I know it," said the other. "Come, the boys have halted for dinner; let us step out and join them."

CHAPTER XXX.

A CURIOUS SUPERSTITION OF A BUDDHIST SECT.

THE party had paused at the door of a wayside inn, which exhibited the sign:

THE RESTING-PLACE OF BENKEI,

By

ASAYA OTTOKO-OSI.

Here may be had rice, fish and tea.

"Come, chums," said Orville, who, with the others, were enjoying the luxury of a footbath. "What made you lag behind?"

"Benkei was giving me a lesson in manners," answered Johnnie, as he and his companion seated themselves on the veranda of the inn. "He was teaching me that beautiful rule, 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone!'"

"I hope you will never forget it," remarked Dan.

"I don't believe I shall," was Brackett's quiet response; then, glancing at the sign, he continued: "Ben, what does that mean? Who was the original Benkei?"

"Ask the landlord," modestly replied the doctor.

When they were refreshed Orville led the way into a private room, engaged for the party, and bade the waitress summon their host.

After a brief delay, a well-dressed woman entered, and having prostrated herself, in the old Japanese fashion, said, in her own language:

"Gentlemen, I am the wife of the proprietor. I run this inn. He is away serving his country as a soldier."

The chums bowed respectfully, and Orville, begging her to rise and be seated, said:

"Madam, will you tell us why your inn is called 'The resting-place of Benkei'?"

"Certainly, *sama*," she cheerfully answered. "I suppose you have all heard of Yoshésune, the brother of Yoritomo, who was the first Shogun of Japan?"

"Yes," said Dan; "we have been told about his gallant deeds by our good friend, Benkei Yuzo. Yoshésune was a brave member of the noble Minamoto family."

The woman nodded and continued:

"In those troublesome times people were always fighting. Nihon was like a vat of fermenting *sake*. The Taira party and the Minamoto were at war, and brothers were killing brothers. Do you know anything of such horrors in your favored land?"

"Yes," said Don. "We have only lately recovered from the awful effects of a civil war as bloody as the one waged between the Taira and Minamoto."

"I pity you," she said, filling her pipe. "It was during this struggle, when Yoshésune was fighting the foes of his family in these mountains that this spot received its name. Benkei was Yoshésune's faithful servant, and the pair, hard pressed by the Taira soldiers had arrived at this ledge in the canyon. There were then no houses here, and the naked rocks afforded poor shelter for the noble and his henchman. Nearer and nearer up the pass came the Taira men, yelling and screaming, 'Surrender! or we will give your bodies to the dogs!' 'My lord,' said the brave Benkei, who was as smart as he was valorous, 'there are only nine soldiers pursuing us. I will rest rest here and fight them, while you escape.' 'No,' said Yoshésune, 'it shall never be recorded that a Minamoto abandoned his trusty follower!' However, Benkei urged persistently, saying: 'What is my life to yours? Go, I will rest here.'"

"He was a bully boy, like chum," murmured Johnnie.

The landlady lighted her pipe, and after taking a whiff, said:

"Benkei seated himself on the rock at the top of the incline and calmly awaited the coming of the Taira men, who, sword in hand, were ascending the ledge, one behind the other, like a string of beads or a line of pilgrims. 'Oh,' they panted, as they saw his sandaled feet projecting over the edge of the rock, 'now we've got both the lord and follower! First came a stalwart warrior, named Kawara (Mr. Tile). Chip! off went his head. 'One,' softly murmured Benkei, tucking in his legs, so as to make the soldiers think Kawara had killed him."

"Good boy, Ben!" cried Brackett, as the landlady paused in order to replenish her pipe. "Go ahead, marm."

This speech caused the chums to smile, and Benkei to whisper:

"She is not relating *my* adventures."

"It's all the same," said Johnnie. "Bet you'd do it to-morrow to save a friend."

The woman blew a thin curl of smoke from her nostrils, then said:

"The next man who came in sight of the sitting warrior was one Mitsuro (beeswax). Benkei gave him a *kiki* (cut) that cured his headache."

"And finished old Beeswax—eh?" cried Brackett, who was intensely excited over the recital. "Go on, marm."

The woman smiled at his remark, and continued:

"Yes, he finished him. Then two soldiers approached together, Iwashi (sardine) and Daio (rhubarb). Benkei, without rising, gave a double sweep with his sword, and off went their heads. 'I am beginning to enjoy my rest,' he muttered, when up came a gigantic soldier named Toishi (whetstone) famous for his swordsmanship. He got in the first blow and cut Benkei's face, but before he could repeat the stroke the sitting man ran him through, crying, for he knew his enemy, 'My sword can pierce a whetstone!'"

At this part of the narrative the woman paused and drank tea.

"Your namesake was a valiant man," said Dan to Ben.

"He was my ancestor," quietly, yet proudly, replied the doctor.

"You never told us that," cried Johnnie. "If he were mine I'd inform every one of the fact."

"Hush!" said Benkei. "Boasting is not doing. I try to imitate his bravery, not to take his glory as my own."

"Re-cor-ded!" chuckled the wag. "That's a hard one for me, Ben. You use your tongue as skillfully as your ancestor did his sword."

This speech pleased the doctor.

ARCHERY.—A WHOLESALE WINNER CARRYING OFF HIS PRIZES.

When their hostess had partaken of several cups of tea, she said:

"Now comes the *interesting* part of the story. The four remaining men saw the blood running over the edge of the rock, so they paused and consulted.

"'Let us advance in a body,' said the first, whose name was T'sukemono (pickles). 'I believe that fellow Benkei has sliced our comrades as he would a *kiuri* (cucumber). He must be approached cautiously.'

"'Suppose we take a vote on the matter?' observed the third, who was known as Banko-toki (brown pot.) 'Most white stones to carry the day.'

"'I am willing,' muttered Wata (cotton), a man who had been through a hundred fights.

"'I'll hold the bag,' remarked Gobaishi (gall-nut), the one who had not before spoken, he having but that moment recovered his breath.

"All agreed, and producing their voting stones (black and white pebbles, used in the olden times for casting ballots), began to consider which color they would use.

"T'sukemono carried his proposition, and when they had rested thoroughly, the four warriors advanced side by side.

"Now, Benkei had overheard their chat, spite of which he did not attempt to rise, but sat smiling and softly singing, as though in derision, 'Four cats to one mouse.'

"This he sang nine times; the mystic number, corresponding with the nine parts of the human body.

"The Taira men, hearing him thus occupied, nudged one another and whispered: 'Now for it!'

"Uttering the cry of their clan, and raising their weapons as one, they fell upon the valiant warrior, Benkei.

"'Four cats to one mouse,' he chanted, as, with a superhuman effort, he swept off their heads.

"Having done this, the brave servant rose, and collecting the heads, strung them on his sword-cord, then, taking his dirk, carved on the rock which had formed his seat:

"'THE RESTING-PLACE OF BENKEI.'

"Come, gentlemen," she added. "I will show you the inscription."

They rose, and following her into a garden, on a ledge overlooking the lower part of the pass, read the words, which were engraved in modern Japanese (*i. e.*, in running characters, unknown in the time of the Minamoto).

"So the original Benkei engraved that with his dirk, eh?" chuckled Johnnie. "Well, I never!"

"Yes," said their guide. "In those days the rock was young and soft."

"Like those who credit the story of his engraving that!" muttered the wag. "He must have written it three hundred years after he died, or have known the style of writing before it came into general use;" continuing, aside, to Ben: "Guess that fixes her."

She knew as well as he did the inscription had been engraved by a traveling stone-cutter, but being, like all her class, witty and quick with her tongue, glibly answered:

"Benkei invented those flowing characters. That was his first attempt. Of course he engraved it a long time before our people adopted the new style."

"Have you any more relics to show us?" gravely asked Johnnie.

"Yes," she said, as solemnly as possible; "we have the sword of the immortal hero, crusted with the blood of the Taira men, his sandals and his girdle-cloth. We have also his souls."

"His *what?*" almost yelled Brackett.

"His soul-pills," she calmly answered. "Benkei finally became a Buddhist *bozu* (bonze), and was, after his death, cremated. Being a very holy man, he attained Nirvana (melted into the unknown, or ceased to exist as a spirit), and of course left his souls behind him. We bought them of one of his descendants, who keeps a store for the sale of such relics in Tokio."

"He's no relation of mine," merrily observed Benkei; adding, in English: "Those soul-pills are all nonsense. As the body is being consumed, the *bozus* throw some fragments of glass into the cremarium; these particles fuze into tiny globules, which remain in the ashes, and are found by the bonzes, who inform the deluded relatives that the atoms are soul-pills—that is, the discarded souls of the person who has been incremated."

"Ben knows all about it," whispered Johnnie to Nami. "*He's been in the business!*"

This annoyed the doctor, who hated all allusion to his old profession; however, he did not reply.

"Would you like to see the relics?" inquired their hostess. "We have crowds of people come to view them, at the *matsurai* of Benkei during the sixth moon! I will show you them gratis!"

"Soul-pills!" chuckled the wag, as they followed her indoors. "I want to know—this beats all!"

She led the way into an inner private apartment, saying:

"Seat yourselves, gentlemen! My maidens shall sing you 'The song of Benkei,' after which I will exhibit the relics of the great warrior!"

The visitors squatted upon the floor, and when they were ready a procession of girls filed in.

One carried a *koto* (flat harp), a second a *samisen*, and a third a bamboo flute; these formed the orchestra, the rest of the females being singers.

After kneeling in a row and performing the Respectful Ceremony, they sat up on their heels, and, when the musicians had played a prelude, sang as follows, a soloist leading and the rest joining in the chorus:

Soloist—"Benkei! Oh, Benkei!"
Chorus—"Braver than nine Taira men,
The servant of Yoshésune!"
Soloist—"Yoshésune was hard pressed,
But Benkei saved his life!
He sat himself down on a ledge of rocks,
Sat and (to glory) sent nine
Brave Taira warriors!"
Chorus—"Brave Taira warriors!"
Soloist—"Benkei sat and cracked *kawara* (a tile),
Divided *mitsuro* (beeswax) like water.
Caught *iwashi* (a sardine), and, as he did so,
Swallowed *daio* (a dose of rhubarb),
Without so much as winking!"
Chorus (energetically)—"Yes, without so much as winking!"
Soloist—"Oh, he pierced *toishi* (a wetstone) with his sword;
Calmly devoured *t'sukemono* (pickles),
Cracked *banko-toki* (a brown-pot),
Picked a pod of *wata* (cotton) and
A *gobaishi* (gall-nut), and, as he did so, sang,
'*Four cats to one mouse!*'"
Chorus—"He sang, '*Four cats to one mouse!*'"
All together—"*Hurra! Hurra!* Benkei was the boy
For tiles, beeswax, sardines,
Rhubarb, wetstones and pickles,
Brown-pots, cotton and gall-nuts!
Oh, he could whip them all
Without rising! *Hurra* for the warrior,
Benkei! How we admire his deed!"
Soloist (in a low tone)—"Now we will accept a present,
We maidens of the inn called
The Resting-place of Benkei!"

"I'll carry round the hat for you, young ladies," gallantly observed Johnnie. "I must learn that song."

The party contributed liberally, and as the girls retired, their hostess entered, carefully carrying a tiny crystal box, in which were three vitreous pellets about the size of homoeophatic granules.

Moving from guest to guest she exhibited the relics, saying, reverently:

"These are the soul-pills of Benkei, the brave servant of Yoshésune."

"Let me look at them closer," demanded Johnnie. "Soul-pills—eh?"

She placed the box in his hand, observing:

"When I have a pain I touch one of them and am instantly cured."

Brackett squinted into the receptacle, then suddenly ejaculated:

"Oh, I've a cramp in my *mind!*" (meaning his stomach.)

"Touch the relics with the tip of your tongue," said the woman. "They are sure cure for a disordered intellect."

Johnnie uttered a fearful "yowp," like one in great agony, and dipped his tongue into the crystal box, after doing which he handed it to the woman, as he did so coolly remarking:

"I'm better now. What excellent medicine they are! I've swallowed them. My mind is now calmer."

"Swallowed them?" she yelled. "Oh, I'm ruined! I'm ruined!"

"Are they poisonous?" he chuckled. "Have I taken an overdose, eh?"

Away she went, screaming:

"Come and cut open the To-jin who has swallowed my relics!"

"You've done it this time!" said Orville to the wag. "They'll murder you!"

"Pooh!" chuckled Johnnie. "Say, Ben, how many soul-pills ought one to take at a time?"

In another instant their hostess returned, followed by an enraged mob of servants and laborers, the latter armed with grass-knives.

"That's the wretch!" she cried, pointing to Brackett. "Kill him!"

[To be continued.]

"Through the Heart of Japan" was commenced in No. 677.

A MOORISH BELLE.

THE prevalent leanness of limbs which characterizes the Moorish race (collectively) has peradventure led them to consider that loveliness and *embonpoint* are identical. Feminine beauty in Morocco, far from being merely skin-deep, is measured by the camel-load; and, fat being more esteemed than features, the homeliest damsel of three hundred pounds is more admired than one hundredweight of what would seem to the eye of Europe perfect prettiness.

As wives, therefore, are valued like whales—for their blubber—the Moorish belle seeks from diet the charm denied to her by nature. Taking as her model the Hottentot Venus, Fatima undergoes—especially during betrothal—a process of cramming very similar to the mode of fattening Strasburg geese. After every meal she molds with her fingers the crumbs of new bread—sometimes mixed with fenugreek—into pellets (called *harrabie*). This ammunition is rammed down her gullet with the aid of green tea or other beverages; and by stuffing down from fifty to one hundred of those boluses daily for about a month, the fair martyr to Moorish materialism acquires a breadth of body and a mammoth-like massiveness of limbs which render locomotion a vanity, and getting up-stairs a vexation of spirit. With irrepressible mirth I have watched a Jewish matron (five feet by four feet) making the ascent to the upper story of her house, propelled *à tergo* by three perspiring Israelites. Beneath her elephantine tread earth trembled, ceilings creaked, and chairs not expressly manufactured to sustain her "too, too solid flesh," shriveled suddenly, as if smitten by a thunderbolt, into infinitesimal chips!

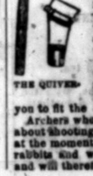
ARCHERY.

IT is a great mistake in archery to have arrows too long. For a five-feet-ten bow a twenty-seven inch arrow is quite sufficient; a lady's bow, which is a foot shorter, should not shoot arrows that are any longer than two feet.

In withdrawing an arrow from the target or the ground, seize it close to the head, and turn it round with a boring motion as you pull. Careless handling is apt to injure the feathers and bend or break the shaft.

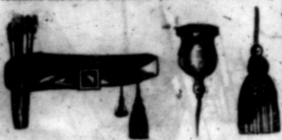
Precaution is particularly necessary when the arrow is snaked—an appropriate term, signifying the course it sometimes takes through grass when the ground is so hard that the point glides instead of penetrating. A snaked arrow is often lost altogether, or only found warped and spoiled weeks afterward, though the searcher may know almost the exact spot where it alighted, but when found, it is better to cut the grass on each side with a knife than to use force for its extraction.

Arrows are made of lance-wood, lime, ash, deal and poplar, and of these deal is most in requisition, fletchers preferring that found in old houses to new timber. A piece of heavier wood is generally spliced on to the deal at the point-end, and this improves the flight. The points are of iron or brass, riveted on. The notch for the string is mostly of horn. The feathering is very important, as unfledged arrows will not fly true. The three feathers are of the goose or turkey, and sometimes of the peacock—the one standing up when the arrow is nocked upon the string is termed the cock-feather, and is generally colored differently from the others, to enable you to fit the arrow readily in the proper manner.



THE QUIVER.

Archers who are fond of roving—as wandering about shooting at any mark which takes the fancy at the moment is termed, or of trying their skill at rabbits and wood-pigeons, will often lose shafts, and will therefore grudge employing the expensive arrows provided for ordinary target-shooting. If they will provide themselves with a stock of small iron heads, they may make very tolerable rough arrows out of straight unbarked hazel wands. The feathers should be attached (the bark having been



BELT, GREASE-POT AND TASSEL.

scraped from the parts where they are to lie) by a mixture of isinglass and glue, dissolved in brandy; it will aid the operation if they are first dipped in hot water to soften them. Arrows should always be marked in some way to prevent disputes at the target.

The quiver is a green tin-case for keeping arrows in.

The belt is worn round the waist, and carries the arrows in use, a pot of grease, composed of beeswax and suet, and a tassel to wipe dirt off the arrows.

The bracer is a leather guard for the left arm, buckled on to that part where the string strikes it when loosened; a very necessary protection.

BRACER.

The shooting-glove is composed of three finger-ends of thin leather, kept in their place by strips branching from a broader part, which is strapped round the right wrist.

A target-card is almost invariably carried at archery meetings: the ladies wearing it suspended from the waist; the men from a button-hole. On it the scores of the competitors are marked with pin pricks, the columns being colored in correspondence with the target—a gold hit scoring nine; a red seven; inner white five; black three; and outer white one.

A SHOOTING-GLOVE.

TARGET-CARD.

Archer's Name.	Gold.	Red.	Inner White.	Black.	Outer White.	No. of Hits.	Value.
A							
B							
C							
D							
E							

Total hits and Value.

If an arrow sticks on the margin-line of the gold, say, it does not score a gold if there is any trace of the red paint upon it. The same rule applies to the other circles. Targets are of comparatively modern invention; in the palmy days of archery a white mark (the "clout") was fixed in the centre of the butt by a wooden peg, from which the marker measured to the arrow. To split this peg itself was the very perfection of shooting. The modern target is a flat circle of straw covered with painted canvas, the centre a circular patch of gilt, seven inches across, then a circle of red, and another of white, each three inches and a half broad, then a

TARGET.

circle of black, one inch and a half, and an outer one of white, one inch broad. The target varies in size according to its distance from the archer. At one hundred yards it should be four feet in diameter; at eighty yards three feet; at sixty yards two feet.

The target is fixed on a triangle of wood or iron, so contrived that it may be elevated or depressed, as the shots are more or less remote.

(To be continued.)

THE JANITOR'S BOY.

A STORY OF NEW YORK.

By WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER XXI.

PHIL HAWKINS had given so good an account at home of his new office-associate that he brought down that day an invitation to Sile to come up to tea with him.

Perhaps Phil's father and mother were willing to judge for themselves of a youngster who was likely to be thrown into so intimate a relation with their own son.

Be that as it may, the invitation stirred poor Silas to his very finger-ends. He would not have missed it for anything, but there was something overpowering in it, for all that. He thought about it all the afternoon, for Phil told him at lunch-time, and when they went up-town he insisted on stopping at his room long enough to do marvelous things in the way of brushing his clothes and hair and polishing his boots.

Phil helped him, for he was quite anxious that a good impression should be made.

"They'll like you," he said; "I know they will; and then they won't have any objections to our being out together. Only it was pretty late when I got home last night, and mother says I'm not to go out on the river again."

"Didn't they like that?"

"Of course not. I never thought of it, you know, till we were fairly in the boat. Sorry I couldn't tell them about our saving Vance. That would have been a good thing to tell."

"Well, we might, and say we promised not to tell his name."

"We might do that. I never thought of it. I never like to keep anything from them. Told 'em all about the Atlantic Garden."

"What did they say?"

"Father laughed, and said he guessed once would do. I told him I guessed it would."

Sile scarcely knew whether he had been in anything forbidden and mischievous or not, but he need not have been worried. Phil's parents were not likely to be in much doubt about him after they had talked with him ten minutes.

It is not often that a boy of fifteen succeeds in deceiving his elders about himself very much, however he may deceive himself into thinking so.

But there was no purpose of deceiving in the heart of Silas Morgan that evening. If there had been, the first sight of Phil's house would have scared it out.

Sile had never in his life before been a guest in such a house as that, for it was a handsome one, and when he got into it the very furniture impressed him with a sense of the tremendous character of Phil Hawkins's family. It seemed to him he could never be quite so familiar with Phil again.

There was a good deal more formality, as well as fine furniture, than Sile had been accustomed to, and he wondered how anybody could ever "make themselves at home" under such very trying circumstances.

Phil showed him where to put his hat and cane, and then led led him up-stairs to his own room.

Such a nice, cozy room, on the third floor back. So many times larger than Sile's boarding-house den, and yet it had a good deal the appearance of having a boy for its master. Even the pictures and books, and the odds and ends of curiosities, helped Sile to understand the matter. He felt that he could live in a room like that very comfortably, if he never had to go down to the great, stiff parlors he had seen from the hall as he came in.

Phil had his own toilet to attend to, and then he led his friend down-stairs.

"Guess we'll find some of 'em in the library," he said, when they reached the hall. "Dinner won't be ready for a while."

Then Sile knew that Phil opened a door, and that they both walked into a great room, back of the parlors, where there was no end of books and tables, and chairs, and a globe, and an elderly gentleman, and a young lady and an older one, and that he was introduced to all three of the human beings.

He was not quite sure for a moment, whether politeness required him to speak to the globe and the chairs, but his self-possession slowly returned when he found himself sitting down and answering the questions of the elder lady.

Such a nice lady, and her voice was so soft and pleasant! It made him think of his mother's, and he scarcely knew what made him tell her so at once.

"My voice is like your mothers? I'm glad you think of her the first thing."

"I scarcely remember my father, ma'am, and my mother——"

He hesitated, but Mrs. Hawkins went right on, with a kindlier look in her eyes:

"Your mother has sent her boy to New York to be made a merchant of? That's what we want Philip to be."

"Philip thinks he is one already," laughed the younger lady, and the old gentleman added:

"They're in good hands. You may be very glad to be with such a house as Ponnerby & Co., my young friend."

"So I am, sir," said Sile; "but I find I have a great deal to learn."

"And so you and Philip have been putting in your time after business hours. I must see to that."

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Phil, "there's one thing I didn't tell you about that we did last night."

"What was that, my son?"

"Oh, he made us promise we wouldn't tell his name."

"Whose name, Philip?"

"The man that tumbled off the ferryboat, and we picked him up."

"You picked him up?" said his father, in a tone of great surprise. "How was that, Philip?"

"Why, Sile Morgan caught him by the hair, and you ought to have heard him hollow——"

"Now, Phil," said his sister, "can't you begin at the beginning, and tell us how it happened?"

"Well, I will."

And he did, and with here and there a little help from Sile, he gave a pretty clear and correct account of their boating adventure, only keeping back the name of the rescued man.

"That's right," said his father; "you must keep your promise. None of us want to know. Well, I'm glad your queer notion resulted in good to somebody. Only I don't want you to try it again."

The dinner-bell rang just then, and Sile had another trial before him, for he had heard that dinner was a terrible affair in great city houses. He was a good deal relieved when he found that all he had to do was to walk with Phil and sit down in the place pointed out to him. After that things went on smoothly enough, but Sile kept a sharp eye out in order that he might do exactly as he saw the others do.

For all he could see, the main business was talking and eating, in no sort of hurry, and he found he could do both very well. Indeed, Mrs. Hawkins complimented him on the fine appetite he had brought with him from the country.

"I wish I had as good a one," said old Mr. Hawkins, but Sile had not seen any signs of weakness in the way the old gentleman had handled his knife and fork.

"Philip," said his mother, "I have tickets for you and Mr. Morgan to the concert at Steinway Hall this evening. Are you fond of music, Mr. Morgan?"

It made Sile feel a foot taller to be called "mister" by such a lady as Mrs. Hawkins, and he responded very heartily:

"Indeed I am, ma'am, of all I ever heard. But that isn't saying a great deal."

"It will be better than the Atlantic Garden," said Phil's father, "though I'm told they sometimes make good music down there."

Sile blushed, and Phil answered:

"That was my fault, father; I only wanted to show him the city."

"Well, I should say he had seen a good deal of the city, for the short time he has been here. After dinner you and he can amuse yourselves in the billiard-room till it's time to go to the hall."

"Billiard-room!"

Sile was inclined to open his eyes at that, for his

notion of billiards was associated with almost anything else than a house like that of Mr. Hawkins.

Still greater was his surprise, a little later, to be led to a larger room, well lighted, on the same floor with Phil's, and to not only find a tip-top billiard-table there, but actually to have Miss Hawkins come in, soon, saying she was tired of music and would like to see them play.

"But I can't play," said Sile.

"You must learn, then. Come, Phil, let you and I have a game and give him a lesson."

Very well she played, too, and the time passed swiftly enough until Phil's mother put her head in at the door and told them it was nearly the hour for the concert to begin.

"There will be a crowd," she said, "and you must be on hand to get your seats. Come, boys."

After all, "boys" sounded a good deal pleasanter than even "mister."

CHAPTER XXII.

NOTHING was seen of Mr. Madderley at his own office, after noon that day; but Mr. Vance seemed disposed to pay no attention to the absence of his partner. When anybody made inquiries the only answer was a declaration of ignorance concerning his whereabouts.

"Off on some business of his own, I suppose," said Vance to one man after another, until, near the close of the day, he seemed to get a little impatient, and said, loudly, in the hearing of quite a knot of listeners: "Mr. Madderley, again? I don't know where he is, and I don't care. I may as well say, here and now, that there are serious differences between him and me. I do not like the looks of his accounts at all."

That was enough, and although Mr. Vance refused to say anything more, alleging that the books were in the hands of expert accountants and he was awaiting developments, the hundred tongues of rumor were at work in short order.

Some of Madderley's friends were disposed to take the matter up, and there was a good deal of fierce talking, on one side and the other, before the evening was over; but Vance had taken himself off to his own house and declined seeing one or two gentlemen who called upon him.

If he or anybody else had been at the wharf of the steamer that sailed for Havana at two o'clock that day they might have seen an elderly gentleman drive down in a neat coupé, with a couple of handsome trunks, and with all the other signs of a well-to-do person on his travels.

There happened to be plenty of room on board, and he had no difficulty in securing a stateroom, while the lateness of the hour prevented any one caring for more than the mere fact that he paid his fare like a man, and signed his name in a good round hand, "R. D. Clemmer, Chicago, Ill."

He retired at once to his stateroom, peering through his spectacles at whomsoever he met, and scolded a little about his baggage in a manner that led the servants to believe he was in the habit of having his own way.

Once the door was locked behind him, however, Mr. Clemmer threw himself full length on his bed, exclaiming:

"I've done it! Safe now, I fancy! Oh, but won't Vance have a good time opening that safe! Let me see. Where did I put his key?"

He felt first in one pocket and then in another, and then sprang up excitedly.

"Where is it, I say! Have I lost it? I declare, if I didn't put it in the pocket of my office-coat, and that's hanging on the back of my own chair down yonder. Missed it, there!"

So he had, and Vance had not only found the key, but had reopened the safe, remarking:

"The fool! If I couldn't have opened it there would have been suspicion at once. I don't want him caught. Not now, at all events. Rascals always cut their own throats if you give them a fair chance."

Very nearly right, and he had taken away that chance, at least, from his erring partner.

But, Mr. Clemmer, or Mr. Madderley, lay down again, and listened with almost breathless eagerness for the sounds which should tell him that the steamer was in motion.

They came at last, and nothing else of an unpleasant character came first, but he lay very still, now and then looking at his watch, until at last it seemed as if he could bear it no longer.

"Must be well down in the Lower Bay," he said. "I shall suffocate if I stay here. I'll go on deck, and see how a fellow's native country looks when you're going away from it with no intention of ever coming back. Don't know about that, though. All sorts of fellows manage to come back after a while. I'll take a look at it, anyhow."

And so he did, walking slowly around among the other passengers, and seeming to be as little concerned as any of them.

Out through the Narrows the steamer plowed her way, and a sort of thrill went through the frame of the "elderly passenger" when he found himself actually afloat on the waves of the great Atlantic.

He was leaving his country, sure enough, and there would be a number of men by that time next day who would be very glad to have him back again.

He imagined his own business partner would be among the number, but he was as badly mistaken about that as he had been about the key.

The country could spare him well enough, and yet he had been one of the sharpest men on Wall Street. Only a little too sharp for his own good and that of those who were so unfortunate as to put their confidence in him.

"Vance can stay and play lame duck," he said to himself. "No beggar business for me. I've capital enough to give me a prime good start almost anywhere."

And then he put his hand on his breast to feel of the carefully-sealed envelope. It was there. He could feel it, and that seemed to be more to him than the thoughts of anything the swift steamer was carrying him away from.

Even when the daylight faded and the darkness began to settle over the face of the ocean, the "elderly passenger" remained on deck, and it is to be hoped that some of the thoughts that came to him were not altogether those of a runaway rogue.

However that might be, it was during those same evening hours that Phil and Sile had an experience with a scamp of a somewhat different description.

They were in no more than good season at the hall, and the music-loving crowd was beginning to gather fast. Sile stared at them as they came in, wondering where on earth so many well-dressed ladies and gentleman could have come from, and Phil pointed out to him more than one person whose name had been in the newspapers for good or bad.

Some for good and some for bad, for all sorts of people love music and go to concerts.

And then there are some who go for other reasons than because they love music, and no man can tell which is which by the outside appearance they bring with them.

Two men there were who had met on a street corner not far from the hall entrance, dressed very much alike, and who seemed to know each other well.

Dressed like other people, indeed, but not looking like anybody else nearly as much as they resembled one another.

"Mustn't let anybody see you speak to me," said one, almost in a whisper. "You may be known."

"Guess not. I vas miss dat fellow. Got it and lost it."

"Sorry for dat. I could have done somet'ing nice for you. Ve try him again."

And, so saying, he hurried on, and the other shortly followed him, but they did not go into the concert hall together.

"Look there," whispered Sile, a few minutes later. "That fellow down there to the left. Whom do you think he looks like?"

"The old chap with the nose like a hawk? Does look like him, but he's too old. But hasn't he an ugly mug?"

"I'd say he had."

"Sile, Sile, away there to the right. A dozen seats from us. If that isn't the very man!"

"Sure as you're born. What do you s'pose he's here for?"

"That kind of fellow always comes to such places, when he dares to."

"Can they afford it?"

"They come for business, and they make it pay, or they'd never came at all. I must see to it."

"What can you do?"

"Keep my seat for me, and I'll show you."

"I'll do that."

And Phil quietly arose from his seat and squeezed his way past several persons, who seemed to be none too well pleased at having to make way for him.

One of the ushers was coming down the aisle when Phil met him and whispered:

"Detective. Want to see him."

"Go to main entrance. I'll be there in a minute."

Nobody paid any attention, for there was nothing to attract any, but Phil walked on to the spot designated, and in a few moments he was conversing quietly with a black-eyed little fellow, who wore a full dress suit and a set of diamond studs. One of the most foppish-looking specimens in the whole room.

"Sure of it?"

"Saw him at work once," said Phil. "Just you try him."

"Point him out, then; but don't let him see you do it."

Sile had his eyes open, but he was keeping them more steadily on the hook-nosed man than on anything else, until a man in a blue coat came down the aisle, just as other men in blue coats had done two or three times before.

"Police, I guess," thought Sile.

The blue-coated man merely leaned over and tapped on the shoulder the man with the remarkable nose, and then, as he turned around with a sudden start, he motioned to him with his right forefinger.

Sile had never, in all his life, seen a face turn at once so very white and so malicious. It looked as if he wanted to commit a murder then and there, but its owner stood straight up, and began to come toward the man in blue, as if he had been an automaton and the string had been pulled.

"Vat you vant, eh? Vat have you to do vis me?"

"No nonsense, you know. You must git, that's all."

"Vat you tink I am? You make mistake in de person."

It was a desperate effort to appear dignified and insulted, but it was no go.

The representative of the law looked down into his face from his six feet of burly height, and smiled a grim, quiet smile as he replied:

"Come now, do you want to have a scene, and be spotted by the whole crowd?"

The hook-nosed man glanced around him nervously, and he saw that those who sat nearest were already beginning to take a look at him.

As Phil afterward said, they "were taking his measure to know him again."

That was enough, and just as Phil Hawkins was once more slipping into the seat Sile had kept for him the hook-nosed man slipped out into the open air, and did not stop walking until he reached a spot where he could curse the police in safety, as well as the unknown persons who had, as he perceived, informed against him.

He foamed at the mouth in his furious rage and disappointment, but all he said was in a tongue which even the detective could scarcely have made much sense of.

"We've fixed him," said Phil, but just then the orchestra let loose a grand burst of music, and he and Sile had a use for both ears.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THERE seemed to be more on Vandy MacNamara's mind, that next morning, than there had ever been before.

He thought of Vance and the package. Then he thought of Dunman, and his safe, and the fire, and old Mr. Ponnerby. Then of Phil and Sile, and how fast they were sure to get on in life ahead of him. Then of old Mrs. Bounce and the peanut business, and Garcia, and the queer things he was beginning to guess at concerning them. Then he thought of Clip and the "operation" she was to undergo that day.

That last thought was fast driving out all others, as he stood there in the doorway; but at that moment he heard Mr. Dunman's well-known whistle.

"That's not much of an errand," said the latter, after giving Vandy his directions; "and then I don't think I'll want you again till between two and three o'clock."

"All right, sir."

"You'll be sure and be on hand?"

"Right here, sir."

And Vandy was particularly glad to be "let off," for no sooner was his errand done than he darted away toward Mrs. Bounce's corner.

There she was, stand and all; but another old woman was sitting behind it.

"She'll do for the day, Vandy," said the head of the firm, as he came up. "Sure an' I want the stand tinded for both of us. And the cocoanuts and things moight spoil, and the customers must be looked out for. But how could I sthay here the day?"

"How's Clip?"

"She's as chirp as a bird, the brave little angil. And she dhrove me out of the room wid the swate face of her. The docthers 'll be there a bit. Oh, the day!"

"Can I be of any good in the world, Mrs. Bounce?"

"Bliss yer kind heart, and so yez can. Just sthay wid me till it's over. It's a poor, lone ould woman I am, wid niver a chick or a child but Clip, and me fortin' gone, an' who'd be me frind but yursilf? It's the foine b'ye ye are, Vandy MacNamara. Did ye think it over agin about the money?"

"What'll it be for?"

"It's the 'baccy bizniss, thin; and sure there's nothin' betther or honester in the worruld."

"Cigars, and all that?"

"Ivery bit of it. But I can't tell ye now. Me heart's bruk entoirely along wid Clip and the docthers."

"I'll stay with you, then, Mother Bounce. I hope it won't hurt her much."

"Is it not hurt her, indade? An' where'd be the enjoymint to them, thin? Wid their knives and their saws and their hatchets? And mebbe they'll give her gloryform, the poor darlin'."

Mrs. Bounce had evidently conjured up a terrible picture of surgical barbarity. So awful, in fact, that she could not stand it any longer, but she stopped to say, very emphatically, to the other old woman:

"Remember about the paynuts. And thim apples is two for five cints, onless it's a small b'ye wid ownly a cint or two. Ye must use yer judgment, Mrs. Maloney."

"I'll do that same. It's little they'll git ahead o' me, mum."

"And ye've brought yer own 'baccy, and there's me pipe, and the oranges'll spile av they're not sold. The limmons'll kape. Come along, Vandy. It's upstairs I'm goin' now. Sure an' I fale loike I was tendin' me own funeral."

Vandy would have had to confess to a growing feeling of a very solemn and serious character as his part, in spite of the explanation he had received from Clip's own lips.

The operation might be painful, but it was not at all likely to be dangerous. A little cutting, a little adjusting of muscles and tendons and sinews, and a good deal of stretching, and the application of a new "frame" to the unfortunate limb in place of the one she wore now, but it would not be nearly so bad as the things she had already endured.

So the surgeon had assured her, and then she had told Vandy:

"Then in a few weeks I can go about on crutches, and one of these days I can walk."

"Will you be lame?"

"Maybe I will, a little. I wouldn't mind that. Seems to me it wouldn't be anything just to limp, if I didn't have to be shut up all the while."

Very brave she had been about it, and she looked wonderfully brave that morning when Vandy followed Mother Bounce into the room.

But the mocking-bird had somehow gotten it into his feathery head that something unusual was going on, and his crazy efforts to imitate all the birds he knew of in one burst of assorted melody were filling that room so full of music that it seemed to be pouring out at the windows.

"I'm so glad to see you, Vandy. Pen, do be still a moment."

"Oh, Clip, me own darlin'!"

"Now, grandma!"

"I hope it won't hurt you very much," began Vandy.

"Don't say anything about it, Vandy. I'm dreadfully scared now, and they'll be here soon."

"You don't look scared."

"Oh, but I am. But, then, Vandy, think of how nice it would be if I could only walk around."

"And go everywhere. I tell you what, Clip, you shall go with me, and we'll see all there is to be seen. We'll go to the Central Park, and to Coney Island, and—and——"

Vandy was trying desperately to think of other wonderful places which might be seen by people who had two legs to walk with, when there came a sound of feet on the stairs.

First one pair, then another, then another, another.

"Four of 'em!" exclaimed Mrs. Bounce, whose quick ears had kept the count. "Och, murther, will it call for the four of 'em? Clip, Clip! ye'll be kilt entirely."

Vandy stopped short in his eager rush of promises of good things to come, and Clip turned a little pale; but when the door opened and the foremost gentleman stepped forward she held out her little hand with a smile.

"So you've come, doctor! You won't be very long, will you?"

"Want to get rid of me in a hurry, my dear? Well, I don't wonder at that. No, we won't be long. Everything's ready. Come, Mrs. Bounce, we shall not need any help from you or your young friend there."

"Oh, docther——"

"Not a word, please. We'll take good care of Clip. Be sure you don't come in again till I call for you."

"Come along, Vandy," almost sobbed Mrs. Bounce. "They're a cruel lot, thim docthers; but it's hlipless we are whin wance we lit them git in. May I live till I die widout any hilp from wan of thim."

She led the way out as she spoke, and Vandy glanced, with a chilly feeling all over him, at the handsome mahogany instrument-case carried by one of the three surgical experts who followed the "doctor," and at the mysterious-looking arrangement of wood and wire and cord and pulleys borne by another. It was a dreadful array of pain-making machinery to be brought to bear on one poor little girl.

"Think of bein' murdhered wid all that! Come in here, Vandy. It's quiet here, and mebbe I shan't hear mesilf squale whin she's hurted. Oh, the day!"

It was a good deal as if Mrs. Bounce expected to undergo an operation on her own account, and it is quite likely she would have shown more pluck in that case. As it was, she sank down upon the narrow bed as if she had small notion of getting up again.

Vandy sympathized sincerely with her and with Clip; but for all that, his curious young eyes could not help taking an inventory of the contents of that room.

Where could she have obtained all those things, and what could she mean to do with them?

He did not ask her, for not only was it none of his business, but he waited to use his ears rather than his tongue, just then.

Would Clip scream?

He did so long to ask Mrs. Bounce that question, but could not, for some reason.

He saw the old woman bury her grizzled head in the pillows, and then there were minutes and minutes of waiting, and every one of them as long as an hour.

The surgeon and his associates were men of experience and constant practice, and they had not left a single item of their preparations to be made after their arrival in Clip's room. They would have found fault with themselves if a moment of their valuable time had to be wasted.

A brief consultation, a few kind, firmly-spoken words to Clip, and all the while the work was really going forward, and the moment for the operator to take up his instruments came with wonderful quickness. And yet there had not been one hurried or hasty or nervous motion on the part of either of those four men.

Two of them, indeed, had come altogether as a matter of scientific interest in what promised to be a neat and interesting job, in which they were only too glad to assist their eminent friend.

Think of a farmer helping another reap a particularly fine field of wheat, just for the love of it!

Perhaps there will be better wheat grown in the good days when the men who grow it get a little enthusiastic over their crops.

Clip's red lips began to lose their color, and to close more and more firmly.

"Smell of this, Clip."

"What is it, doctor? I can bear it all, you know——"

But she was smelling of it—a strange, sickly, suffocating sort of smell, and her senses were fading away in a cloudy kind of dream.

So rapidly, so skillfully, so unhesitatingly, the knife was plied, and the other appliances were adjusted. A little tension on the pulleys. A little bandaging and packing. Oh, how those firm, strong fingers did move from one point to another!

It is a grand thing to know how to do one's work perfectly and feel sure of it.

"Have I been asleep, doctor? Oh, how it hurts! Don't cut any more! Don't pull it off! Oh-h!"

And a shrill cry broke from poor Clip that went through the doors and reached the ears of Vandy and Mrs. Bounce.

"It's all over, Clip. It won't hurt like that for more than a minute or so. Try and bear it. I must give you something to help you."

He had that, too, all ready, and Clip pressed her feverish lips to the little "dose cup" as if she hoped it would cure her at once.

That one cry!

It seemed to Vandy as if he wanted to rush right in and put a stop to the awful work of the surgeons, and old Mother Bounce groaned all over as she thrust her head deeper into the pillows and stuck her bony fingers in her ears.

"I don't believe they killed her, Mrs. Bounce."

"Is she squealing ag'in? Oh, murther! Saints purtect her! To think of her, that niver did no harm, havin' all that to bear, whin an old rapparee like mesilf niver had worse than rheumatiz'."

Vandy could see something unequal, too, when he reached down and felt of his own vigorous underpinning.

"I ain't half as good as she is. But she'll walk now, Mother Bounce. Think of that!"

"Don't I think of it, Vandy MacNamara? But how many doctors did it take, wid their boxes o' tools, to tache the loikes o' yez to walk, I'd loike to know?"

Before he could answer there was a knock at the door, and the voice of the surgeon, saying:

"You may come now, Mrs. Bounce. It's all over, and a very nice operation."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THERE are other kinds of suffering besides mere physical pain, and the body has nothing like the capacity of the mind for what some people call "feeling bad."

No doubt there was a good deal of both sorts in many places that day, besides the pleasant upper room where Clip and her surgeons were dealing with the question of her future "walks around."

On board that Havana steamer, for instance, away out there on the tossing waves of the Atlantic, there were seasick passengers, to be sure, and every one of them feeling as if his sufferings would surely make an end of him.

Seasickness is a doleful thing to have, and no mistake; but, then, you are pretty sure to get over it, and to be ready to laugh at those who are still leaning over the side of the ship. Small sympathy it gets.

But there was one of the passengers of that steamer who had come on deck without a sign of seasickness, peering around over the sea through his spectacles as if he enjoyed the scenery immensely, and yet who had a time of pretty "bad feeling" before him.

He had his breakfast, he smoked a cigar, he said something about wishing he had the New York morning papers, and then he sauntered lazily from place to place and chatted with one man after another like a person entirely at ease with himself and the world.

Then he sat down, and seemed to fall into a sort of brown study.

"May as well open it now," he said to himself at last. "Do me good to look 'em over. Oh, but won't Vance be in a stew about this time? And others too, I fancy."

Down he went to his own state-room, and locked the door carefully behind him.

Then he took from his inner pocket a large, thick white-enveloped packet, and he looked at it for a full minute before he broke the seal.

His fingers trembled as he did so, and his face grew paler, he could scarcely have told why.

He drew out a paper and looked at it, and then, as he sprang convulsively to his feet, another:

"What? Ah!"

He tore the rest out all in a grasp, and ran them swiftly through his fingers.

All blank paper.

"Sold! Oh!"

And the wretched fellow reeled sickly a moment, and fell to the floor in a dead faint.

When he awoke from that, he did not rise, but lay there on the floor of the stateroom, sprawled out among the scattered white evidences that his heartless and miserable fraud was a failure.

Suffering?

Yes, of the bitterest kind, and he deserved every pang of it.

Nobody ever escapes the consequences of wrongdoing.

You think they do, sometimes?

Well, there are those who are fools enough to think so, but it won't do to risk anything on that sort of an opinion. There are a great many things paid for without anybody telling the world what was paid or when. Men don't tell some things unless they can't help it.

It won't pay to argue so old a case over again, but evil doing is a thing that follows a man through this world and into the next.

There he lay on the floor, not a bit more a ruined man than before he opened that envelope, but

more awfully miserable than he had ever dreamed of being, for he was not only ruined, but he had found it out.

No more golden dreams of easy times in foreign lands. No more foolish sneers at the dupes he had left behind him. No more callous indifference to his disgrace and his crime.

Poverty, hard work, homeless wandering among strangers, and all for what?

Well, mainly because he had not sense enough to be honest.

And the steamer went on over the waves just the same, and the other passengers within knew nor cared what was going on in that dimly-lighted stateroom.

It was getting well on toward noon in the city Madderley had so cunningly ran away from, and all the morning Mr. Vance, as he sat over his books in his office, had been trying to answer inquiries as to what had become of his partner.

"Do you really think he has absconded?"

"Can't say. The more I get into our accounts, the more reason I find why he should feel like keeping out of sight."

"Why, anything wrong?"

"Pretty much everything. I trusted him completely. My part of the business was mainly outside, you know."

"Found anything particular?"

"Found where a good deal of my money went to. Begin to see why we failed so suddenly."

Very clever fellow was Mr. Vance, and very fast did the understanding get abroad that he was the unfortunate victim of Madderley's dishonest arts.

So he was, to a certain extent, but he had no claim to all the sympathy he began to receive.

Then there came a shock among the chattering knots of men on the street.

Somebody had whispered the word: "Forgery!"

"What, Madderley?"

"Officers are after him now. If he isn't the sharpest fellow that walks, they'll get him."

But they didn't get him.

He was too far away for that, and it was of no use to send detectives to all the steamers in port. They should have been on one that sailed the day before.

No use to telegraph across the ocean and all over the land.

Madderley was gone, and there was his poor, plundered partner, left all alone and penniless, to bear the brunt of it. Even the men who had lost money began to be sorry for him. The forgeries had been engineered by Madderley alone.

The proof of that was very clear, and Mr. Vance never flinched a hair from investigation.

In fact, the runaway had done the best thing he could for Vance. He had carried away all the disgrace of the bankruptcy with him.

Also a white envelope crammed full of blank paper and a moderate sum of ready money. Just about enough to starve on genteelly for the rest of the Summer.

And Dunman, of course, heard about the Madderley affair, as he went about his business, and he was as much shocked by it as anybody else.

"Terrible thing," he said to the first man who told him.

And then he thought what a narrow escape he had had, and how much of it he owed to Vandy MacNamara—and then, by a sort of association of ideas, he came to think of the string-tied package and what it contained.

"I must take a look at that. I'd like to know what's in it. None of my business? Well, I must not let my young friend run his head into any difficulty." That sounded plausible, and Dunman did feel very kindly, indeed, to Vandy.

Phil and Sile were in the office at the time, but before long they were one after the other started off on errands, and Mr. Dunman was alone.

It was his own safe he opened.

He picked up a parcel and untied the string around the outer wrapper.

Did he break the envelope?

Not he. He merely dampened a slip of blotting-paper, and laid it over the folded side, remarking:

"Only mucilage." And over that he laid a slip of common oil-paper and a weight. "Let it soak a little."

That was all, for "paste" only acts as a seal so long as it is dry.

A gentleman came in on business and was duly attended to, for Mr. Dunman was in no sort of hurry.

When he went out the weight was lifted, then the oil-paper, and then, in Mr. Dunman's careful fingers, the envelope pulled open as easily as if it had been one of Mother Bounce's best bananas.

A very fruity rind it made, too.

That is, there was "fruit" enough inside of it to startle any man.

Gold certificates, one or two Government coupon bonds, several greenbacks of large denominations.

The eyes now running over them were well used to figures.

"A little over twenty thousand, with bonds and gold at to-day's prices. No wonder Vandy wanted to put it away safely."

All had been returned to the envelope, but it had not been closed.

"Vandy MacNamara had no idea of the value of that thing when he handed it to me. I can see it in his face," mused Dunman. "Could he have found it? I guess not, but I'll know. I've another envelope like that. Put my bonds in it when I took 'em away."

So he had, and a little rummaging in the safe brought it to light.

Then the contents of Vandy's deposit were quickly transferred to it, and their room filled with a lot of neatly folded blank, white paper. When the two were laid side by side no eye could have told which was which.

"That will do."

Once more sealed as at first, and wrapped and tied, Vandy's precious parcel was laid away in readiness for him, while the other was carefully locked away in an inner drawer of the safe.

What could there possibly be in the mind of Dunman that he should be guilty of so very remarkable a piece of conduct?

There is no such thing as fathoming the minds of that kind of men. (To be continued.)

"The Janitor's Boy" was commenced in No. [illegible].

THE JANITOR'S BOY.—"PHIL WAS CONVERSING QUIETLY WITH A BLACK-EYED FELLOW, WHO WORE A FULL DRESS SUIT AND A SET OF DIAMOND STUDS."— SEE PAGE 278.

THE MYSTIC THREE.

SHOWING WHAT HAPPENED TO THREE BOYS WHO BELIEVED ALL THEY READ.

By PIERCE CUTTING

CHAPTER XLVII.

CAPTAIN JUGG SHIPS A CREW.

It was late in the afternoon when the Mystic Three woke and stretched themselves, like giants refreshed.

Just as they did so they heard the noise of tramping hoofs outside, and a hoarse voice rolling out a string of oaths as long as a clothes-line.

"Well, blame my cats!" they heard the lock-tender exclaim. "And is that you, Captain Jugg?"

"Humph!" growled the voice.

"'Pears to me," continued the lock-tender, "as you're a trifle huffy to-day?"

"Humph!" grunted the voice again. "Mebbe I be and mebbe I beant."

"And if so, why so?" queried the lock-tender.

"Hev you got eyes into your head?"

"I hev."

"Then do you see what I'm a doing of?"

"If my eyes don't deseeve my earsight you're a-driving."

"And what am I a-driving of?"

"You're a-driving of the orniest old mule onto the Waybash towpath, which his name is Brierroot."

"Jess so! An' why air his name Brierroot?"

"Becos he's so tough, I s'pose."

"Well, then," said the voice of the person called Captain Jugg, "I puts it to you as a man of parts whether it ain't enough to make any man huffy for to drive Brierroot nigh hand onto twelve miles on a hot day. And if not, why not?"

By this time the Devastators had got up to look at the speaker.

He was a tall, lank man, with a face the color of a brickbat, shaded by a dusty straw hat, while his rawboned form was incased in a hickory-shirt, homespun trowsers, and brogans nearly as big as sailboats.

He stood beside a skinny, tough-looking mule, blind of one eye, with yellowish hair, shaggy and worn off in patches, like a mangy dog's.

There was some rope-harness on the mule which connected it with two horses nearly as famished in appearance as itself, and the three were hitched to the towline of a dilapidated old canal-boat, which might have dated from the time of Noah's ark, it looked so rusty and woebegone.

As the boys looked out Captain Jugg drew a long breath and sat down on a stone.

"Well, well, well!" he said; "I am just tuckered out."

"I don't wonder," observed the lock-keeper. "But what are you driving for, anyway?"

"Why, for to make the *Bludy Pirut* go, of course."

"The what?" asked Gid. "What did he say?"

"He said the bloody pirate," responded Sim.

"I wonder where he is?"

"Where who is?"

"The pirate."

Before Sim or Hack could venture a supposition, the lock-keeper asked:

"But wot are you driving yourself for?"

"Because there ain't nobody else to do it."

"Where's the boy, then?"

"Skipped, he did."

"And the crew?"

"Got hisself locked up down to Jinksville."

"Wot for?"

"For fun, I guess. But, durn him, it'll be death to me if I hev to drive half a day longer."

"Why don't you get another boy?"

"You'd better ax me why I don't git a barl full o' gold?"

"Why don't you, then?"

"Becos I can't. Does barls full o' gold grow alongside of the Waybash Canal?"

"Not much."

"Likewise boys?"

"Nary boy."

"Well, then, you know why I don't git one."

"By jingo, fellows!" exclaimed Gid, "here's our chance!"

"Chance for what?" demanded his friends.

"Why, to get away from here."

"How so?"

"Didn't you hear him say he wanted a boy?"

"Well?"

"Well, where are we?"

"Here."

"Then come along, and we'll soon be somewhere else."

And he marched out of the house.

"Well, I never!" gasped Captain Jugg, when his eyes lighted on them. "Who's them?"

"They was asleep inside the house," replied the lock-tender. "I forgot all about 'em. They're a queer lot, ain't they?"

Captain Jugg blinked and winked for some minutes without reply.

Then he said, solemnly:

"I'll take my davy they're the queerest lot I ever see. Where do they come from?"

"From York."

"From whar?"

"York."

"Wot in?"

"A balloon."

"Well, bile my tripes!"

And Captain Jugg fairly gasped for breath, while even Brierroot gave a bray of amazement at the sight of the newcomers.

This pause gave the Devastators time to advance, and Gid, who acted as spokesman, touched his cap, as the sailors in his dime novels were in the habit of doing, and said:

"How-dy, captain—how-dy?"

"Dern me ef they can't talk!" gasped the captain.

"Of course we can," returned Gid.

"Mebbe ye kin work, too."

"Can't we, just?"

"How would ye like a job?"

"First rate."

"Ye would, railly?" exclaimed the captain.

"Just try us."

"Well, I'm sort o' short-handed now, an' I want a crew."

"Then we're your chickens."

"Did ye ever work at canalin' before?"

Now, as the reader is perfectly well aware, the Devastators had never seen a canal till they struck the Wabash.

But they were not the sort to acknowledge their ignorance.

The work looked easy enough.

The canal went straight ahead, and there were mules to tow the boat, so that the course was a plain one.

Consequently, Gid promptly responded:

"Of course we did."

"Then," said the captain, "if so be as you wants to ship, why, I'll ship ye."

"Ship away."

"You ain't shipping on no old wagon like a ordinary boat, you know."

"Of course not."

"So you can't expect very big wages."

"We don't."

"Wot do you say now to your grub an' a dollar a month for a starter?"

"Seems to me it's pretty low."

"Wages is low, now, I allow. Take it or leave it."

And Captain Jugg got up as if to start.

"Hold on," said Gid.

"Talk quick," remarked the captain. "I ain't got no time to spare."

"Which way are you going?—West or East?"

"Well, I'm workin' west'ard."

"All right; I guess we'll go—eh, fellows?"

And he winked at his companions.

They understood the wink to mean that they might as well go West by this as any other means, and acquiesced.

Accordingly, the lock-keeper opened his lock-gates, the boat towed through, and then Captain Jugg called to the Mystic Three to assume their new duties.

With a good-by to the lock-keeper they embarked on the *Bludy Pirut*, as Gid, to his infinite joy, discovered from a sign on her stern to be the name of the boat.

And thus, after escaping the perils of land, sea and air, the Devastators were braving the dangers of the raging canal.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ON THE RAGING CANAL.

It did not take the Mystic Three very long to find out that "canaling," as the captain called it, was a good deal like work.

While one of them was kept busy as driver of the team, the other two were employed in swabbing up the deck and pumping out the dilapidated old craft, the last-named process having to be done about every fifteen minutes.

There was one member of the party, however, who thoroughly enjoyed it.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this was Gideon Gobie.

For the first time since they had started on their pilgrimage Gid was thoroughly satisfied.

At last he was afloat, and even if it was only on a battered old canal-boat, all the instincts of the hardy mariner were aroused.

"Well," groaned Sim, heaving a long-drawn sigh, as he let go the pump-brake, after about ten minutes' labor, "I'm darned if you mightn't as well try to pump out the canal as this old scow."

"This ain't anything," responded Gid, cheerfully. "If you was to go to sea in a real ship now, you'd have to take a spell at the pumps on every watch."

"I would?"

"Certainly; sailors always have to."

"I always thought nobody but a regular lunkhead would go to sea, and now I know it."

"Here, you," interrupted the captain, beckoning to Gid, "just make tracks this way; lively!"

Gid lost no time in obeying this injunction.

In fact, he displayed so much alacrity that he fell over the water-bucket, and nearly rolled overboard.

He regained his feet just in time to be greeted with a kick from the impatient Captain Jugg, who shouted:

"Hurry up, you clumsy galoot, and take the stick!"

Gid looked around for such an object, and saw nothing that seemed to answer the description except the old broom-handle.

He hastily snatched it up and handed it to the captain.

That irate worthy immediately banged him over the head with it, exclaiming, as he did so: "Why, you durned gawk, don't you know nawthen? Hain't you got no eyes?"

"Of course I have."

"Then ketch hold here. Take the hellum while I go below and get my med'cine. You kin steer, can't you?"

"You bet I can," responded Gid, gleefully.

"Then keep her as she air, an' don't you go to pokin' her nose into the bank, 'nless you want to ketch it hot and fat."

"Oh, he's a rattler on the steer," said Sim, grinning; "he can make a boat turn round in one place all day."

"How do you know that?" demanded the captain.

"Because I've seen him do it; oh, he's a regular old salt, and no mistake."

"He'd better not make no mistake about this yere craft," said the captain, "'nless he wants to git acquainted with the strap mighty suddint."

Gid began to grow a little uneasy.

The mention of the strap made him feel a little less confident of his ability as a steersman.

However, there was no help for it.

His gallant commander had relinquished the tiller into his hands and gone below to the cabin, from which proceeded a sort of gurgling sound, which indicated that Captain Jugg was probably taking his medicine.

Gid soon discovered that the *Bludy Pirut* was very easy to steer, and as he grew more confident, he began to feel the importance of his position.

"Go forward, Pugsley," he commanded, with the air of an admiral, "and man the pumps."

"Do what?"

"Man the pumps."

"Where'll I get the man?"

"Don't be a fool, if you can help it."

"Who's a fool?"

"You're pretty near one, anyway."

"That's so; but I'll get further off; it might be catching." And Sim turned toward the bow and sat down on a coil of rope.

Gid swelled with indignation, and turning as red as a turkey-cock, demanded:

THE MYSTIC THREE.—"ON RUSHED THE 'BLUDY PIRUT,' WITH HER TEAM ON A DEAD RUN. HER TAUT TOW-LINE SWEPT ACROSS THE STRANGER'S DECK, UPSETTING EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY IN ITS PATH."

"Do you mean to obey my orders?"

"What orders?"

"I told you to pump her out."

"You did, did you?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"I didn't hear you."

"Well, you hear me now, don't you?"

"What if I do?"

"Why, you just go to work, that's all."

"Suppose I don't?"

"Then I'll see if the captain can't find his strap."

This menace had the effect of starting him to his feet.

His acquaintance with straps was as extensive as he ever cared to have it be, and he commenced pumping for dear life.

Just as he got fairly to work, Hackaliah, who was plodding wearily along the dusty tow-path, performing the club exercise for the benefit of the unwilling mule, dropped back a little from his team and hailed the steersman.

"I say, you fellows," he shouted, "do you think I'm going to drive this confounded beast all day long?"

"What's the matter, Mr. Snick?" inquired Gid, cheerfully.

"Matter! Oh, nothing at all, of course, only it's about time one of you took a hack at it."

"There's one Hack at it now, ain't there?"

"Don't strain yourself, Mr. Goble, trying to be smart, but jump ashore and take my place."

"I guess not."

"Well, I just guess you will."

"Can't leave the helm."

"Oh, yes, you can; it won't run away."

"Who said it would?"

"You seem to think so."

"Never you mind what I think. The captain's put me in charge of the ship, and I can't desert my post."

"Oh, you can't, eh?"

"No, sir; not for an instant."

"Well, send Sim, then; he ain't doing anything, is he?"

"Oh, ain't he, though?" exclaimed Sim, disgustedly; "he's just working this old pump till he's ready to break in two, that's all."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, then."

"What?"

"You take a turn at driving, and I'll pump."

Sim would undoubtedly have accepted this suggestion, or, in fact, any other that would relieve him from pumping, but for an unforeseen occurrence.

Brierroot had been tugging away at the tow-rope with the two horses in apparently an excellent temper, so far.

Now, probably conceiving that he had been good-natured quite long enough, he gave a shrill squeal and politely kicked Hack into the canal.

The Devastator tumbled into the water with a loud splash just as Captain Jugg came on deck with a bottle in his hand.

"Hello! hello! What's this?" he exclaimed. "Mutiny, by Jinks!"

And he dealt Gid a blow under the ear, which tumbled him into the water on top of Hackaliah.

The pair sank at once, and the captain turned on the remaining member of his crew.

Now, if the truth must be told, the commander of the *Bludy Pirut* was disguised in liquor.

Or, to use plainer language, he was decidedly drunk.

And when he was in that condition he was always more or less belligerent.

On the present occasion he was so far gone that he would have attacked an elephant, and when he had got rid of his helmsman he made a dive for Sim, who, at his appearance had grabbed the pump-break again, and commenced working it like a miniature steam-engine.

As the captain rushed at him Sim gave one jump in the contrary direction.

That movement landed him on top of an old stove which was lashed to the deck, and upset a pot in which some corned-beef and cabbage were cooking.

The scalding mess deluged Sim's leg, and with a yell of agony he gave another leap and landed overboard.

CECELIA KLEIN, PUPIL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 23, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A SHIPWRECK.

FORTUNATELY, the Mystic Three were all good swimmers.

Otherwise their adventures would have ended then and there.

As it was, they soon succeeded in scrambling up the bank, dripping wet and hugely disgusted.

Before they could make off, which was their first instinct, Captain Jugg had steered the boat into the bank and stopped the team.

This last was by no means a difficult operation to perform, as they were only too willing to come to a halt at any time.

He then jumped ashore, flourishing a huge leather-strap, that looked as if it might be a trace from some set of broken-down harness.

"Get aboard, you young sarpints!" he yelled. "Two on ye, at least, and you t'other one just start up that air team."

Our heroes obeyed in silence.

Their feelings were entirely too deep for words.

"Now, then," continued the captain, when they had once more got under way, "I'm a-goin' ashore, to take a short cut across to Stockport, 'bout two mile ahead, to buy some groceries. You hear me?"

As he was yelling at the top of his voice, they couldn't well help hearing him, and said so.

"Keep right along easy till you come to the next lock beyond the big bend," he went on. "Thar you kin tie up fur to-night, and I'll join you thar."

"All right, captain," said Gid, who had again taken the helm. "Any further orders?"

"Nothin'."

"Haven't you forgotten something?"

"I guess not."

"Weren't we to get our grub, you know?"

"You were."

"Well, it's nigh dinner-time."

"And you're nigh your dinner. Thar it is."

And he pointed to the late contents of the pot, scattered on the deck.

"That's all you're a-goin' to get this yer day," he said, "onless you want to chaw corn-like Brierroot an' the hosses. When you tie up give 'em a measure apiece out'n them lockers."

And pointing out the feed-boxes, which stood in the middle of the boat, the captain departed, bearing with him a large brown jug, in which to carry the "groceries" he intended buying.

As he disappeared beyond a rise of ground the *Bludy Pirut* swung off again, and went plowing along at what Gid called a three-knot an hour rate.

Sim was now devoting his energies to the encouragement of Brierroot, and Hackaliah was just finding out that there are pleasanter things in this world than working a rusty old pump.

"Look here, Gid," he demanded, at length, "ain't it about time you took a turn at this?"

"I've got to steer the ship, haven't I?"

"I could do that just as well as you."

"You think so, do you?"

"I do that."

"Well, I can't afford to run any risks. You might run her ashore or sink her."

"She'll sink of herself, I guess, if you don't come and help me."

"No talking to the man at the helm, Mr. Snick."

"Well, if you ain't enough to make a cat sick, with your airs."

"I'll make something more than a cat sick before I'm done with you."

"Don't put yourself out, Mr. Goble; I'm in no hurry; I can wait."

"You won't have to wait long," responded Gid, indignantly. "Halloo, what's Sim doing?"

"Darn me if he ain't trying to ride that blamed mule!"

"He'll get his neck broke, as sure as a gun."

And both raised their voices in expostulation.

But Sim paid no attention to them whatever.

The blood of the Pugsleys was up, and he had made up his mind to ride that mule or perish in the attempt.

And the chances seemed in favor of his perishing.

But, to their surprise, Brierroot made no resistance.

He allowed Sim to mount him, and when the latter began to thrash him with a stout stick, he set off at a pace that fairly astonished the rest of the team, and made the *Bludy Pirut* dart through the water at a tremendous rate.

Gid found it all he could do to keep the boat on a straight course.

As they rounded a bend in the canal another boat hove in sight, coming toward them.

On sighting the *Bludy Pirut* the strange craft dropped her tow-line and sheered out to let them pass.

Gid should now have steered between the stranger and the tow-path, so as to pass over her tow-line.

But he didn't.

In fact, that gallant young mariner proved unequal to the occasion.

He pointed the bow of his boat first in one direction then in another, and at last steered outside of the other vessel, while her captain jumped up and down with rage, and fired off a volley of oaths that fairly made the air blue.

On rushed the *Bludy Pirut*, with her team on a dead run.

Her taut tow-line swept across the stranger's deck, upsetting everything and everybody in its path.

One of her crew was knocked off his feet by the swaying rope, and tumbled through the cabin skylight with a grand crash and a howl of pain.

The captain seized a knife and made a frantic effort to cut the rope.

He missed his stroke, and the next minute was swept overboard like a shot.

As he disappeared beneath the water the *Bludy Pirut* flew by, and went rushing madly down the canal.

On they sped, at ever-increasing speed, and soon left their late antagonist far behind.

In vain Gid and Hack yelled to Sim to pull up the team.

For once Brierroot and his companions wanted to go. And they went.

Soon the Mystic Three saw before them the massive stone abutments and heavy gates of a lock.

In another minute they were upon it.

With a tremendous crash the *Bludy Pirut* came into collision with one of the abutments.

Her half-rotten timbers gave way, the water poured into her hold, and she went down by the head to the bottom of the canal.

As Hack and Gid sprang ashore they found Sim picking himself up from a heap of sand, into which he had been thrown, over Brierroot's head, by the shock.

The towline had snapped, and the team had been tumbled into the lock itself, where they were struggling with the desperation of despair.

As the three adventurers looked about them, half dazed with the suddenness of the catastrophe, the lock-keeper rushed from his hut, and at the same moment Captain Jugg jumped over the fence that bordered the towpath, and confronted them.

Without an instant's hesitation the Mystic Three bolted.

Clearing the fence at a bound, they set off across the fields at their utmost speed.

As they ran they heard behind them wild howls of rage, and the noise of falling blows.

And they thought it altogether likely that Captain Jugg was having a lively time with the lock-keeper.

But they didn't go back to inquire.

Gid expressed the feelings of all three when he remarked, sententiously:

"Fellows, I guess it's about time for us to retire from the canal business."

And probably Captain Jugg thought so, too.

CHAPTER L.

A GLOOMY TRAMP.

THE shouts and curses of the combatants followed The Mystic Three through the twilight, but they made no halt to ascertain the result of the contest.

For once in their lives they were not curious.

At any rate, they knew that the fight must end in some one's being beaten, and they did not intend that some one should beat them.

They struck off down the first cross-road they came to, and were soon out of sight of the canal.

As they advanced night fell, and their surroundings became dismal enough to make even a professional tramp wish he was in a feather bed in the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

The road seemed to run straight ahead in the darkness, and to be built upon an embankment through vast marshes.

Stagnant ditches bordered the track, which was gritty and hard, as if composed of cinders, which crunched under their plodding feet.

The Mystic Three, footsore and hungry, soon began to be affected by their dismal position.

To make them more miserable, a chill wind began to blow across the marshes, chilling them to the bone, and a noise like distant thunder grew upon their ears.

"Now we are in for it," groaned Sim.

"In for what?" asked Hack.

"For more grief."

"How so?"

"Don't you hear that noise?"

"I'm not deaf."

"Well, what is it?"

"'Pears to be thunder."

"And where there's thunder there's rain, ain't there?"

"Generally."

"Well, that's the size of it, then. There's a storm coming up, and we haven't got a place in the world to crawl to. Whatever shall we do?"

"Keep on walking till we drop," remarked Gid, doggedly.

"That won't be long, as far as I'm concerned," said Hack.

"Nor me, either. I wish the Old Harry had you, anyhow, Gid Goble."

[For continuation, see next page.]

Distinguished Scholars of Brooklyn (N. Y.) Schools.

CECELIA KLEIN,

PUPIL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 23, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

CECELIA KLEIN is a meritorious scholar of Public School No. 23, Brooklyn, N. Y. "I present her to you," said the Principal, "as an interesting example from our second grammar class. Cecelia is a truly modest and somewhat diffident girl, but she has the fine per centage of ninety-nine." We saw before us a blushing, timid-looking girl, but when we came to talk to her, and her bashfulness wore off, we found that she had a mind of much quickness and originality. She likes school and her books, and she is thankful that she has good teachers who are doing so much for her. We told her that she must be sure and make her per centage the full one hundred, and she smiled and said she would, in a way that we are sure it will be done. She seemed already to feel the incentive of the recognition of her merit which was made by her selection from the class, and her classmates seemed to feel the same, and determined to make her a model for their future efforts. She has a pleasant face and agreeable manners. She is the daughter of George and Kate Klein. She was born July 2d, 1867, and is, therefore, twelve years old. She first attended School No. 33, and on entering her present school went into the sixth grammar class. Her patient application is certain to make her what she most desires to be—an intelligent girl and woman.

EDWIN LAURENCE,

PUPIL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 23, BROOKLYN (E. D.), N. Y.

EDWIN LAURENCE is a splendid little scholar and a very attractive boy. Your heart warms toward him as soon as you see his bright, amiable face, and listen to his intelligent answers to all questions of whatever nature. At home and at school he is fonder of books than of anything else, and his mind has already reached an improvement which,

EDWIN LAURENCE, PUPIL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 23, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

as we have remarked, makes him a very interesting boy. He was born in Brooklyn, March 11th, 1867, making him twelve years of age. He is the son of James and N. Laurence. He entered the Primary Department of his present school when only five years old. He studied with diligence, and was at length promoted to the Grammar Department, and he has gone on, by regular promotions, until he is now making ninety-five per cent. in the second class. He has a round head and an intelligent expression. He is quite self-possessed in his manners, while modest and polite. In appearance he is a model of neatness. Home influence and school culture will not be thrown away upon him. They will mold him not only readily, but make him so attractive that he will continue to be a constant and popular example among his fellow-young.

THE MYSTIC THREE.

(Continued from preceding page.)

"You do, Sim Pugsley?"

"Yes, I do."

"And wherefore?"

"Because you've got us into a nice hole."

"Oh, it's me has got you into a hole this time, is it?"

"Yes, it is."

"And how?"

"Why, by shipping on that canal-boat."

"Well, we got a free ride, didn't we?"

"You mean you did. We had to work our passages, I know."

"Work!" repeated Hack. "Why, we slaved 'em. My hands are blistered all over."

"I'm one big blister," groaned Sim. "I believe if you touched me I'd burst."

"Humph!" grunted Gid.

"What's the matter now? Ain't you well?"

"Oh, yes. I was only thinking."

"Thinking what?"

"What a pity for the community it is that there's no one here to touch you, that's all."

"I shouldn't advise you to try it."

"I don't intend to. My hands are dirty enough already."

Before Sim could give vent to the indignant response to this sarcasm which rose to his lips, Hack gave vent to a sharp cry.

"What's up?" demanded his comrades.

"Look there!"

And he pointed in advance.

The black sky ahead of them was lighted up with a lurid gloom, which increased in intensity as they advanced.

"A fire!" exclaimed all three.

"And a big one, too!" remarked Gid.

"A regular buster!" said Sim.

"I'd call it a roarer!" observed Hack.

"And why so?"

"Because it roars. Don't you hear it?"

In fact, what they had taken for thunder seemed in reality the sullen roar of a great conflagration.

It rose upon the air, died away, and rose again just as the grumble of a sea of flame does.

The reflection from the sky now glimmered in the pools of the marsh, and the ditches that bordered the road, too, making them seem filled with blood.

To the three lonely boys, dead beat and almost famishing, these lugubrious details were full of dread.

The spirit was clean knocked out of them by their hard day's work, anyhow, and they stared at one another in gloomy silence for a minute.

Then Sim said:

"Well, I've had enough of this."

"Enough of what?" queried the others.

"Why, of this traveling about, dragging yourself along, with no better place to go than a city on fire."

"But it may be only a town."

"Or a village!"

"Or a haystack!"

"Well, it's a fire, anyway, and that's enough for me. I'm dead beat, and I'm going to stop here."

And he squatted down beside the road.

The others were arguing with him, trying to get him to rise and go on, when the noise of wheels became audible, approaching from the direction whence they had come.

Under ordinary circumstances their first thought would have been that Captain Jugg was in pursuit of them, and they would have made haste to get out of the way.

But they were too far gone for that now.

So when the wagon reached them it found them still at a halt.

A burly man, who was riding the first of a tandem team of four horses, brought his steed to a stop at sight of the dark figures, and said, in an astonished tone:

"Hello! hello! Who are you?"

"Travelers," replied Hack.

"Tramps, I guess," said the man.

"We've done enough tramping, anyway."

"I thought so."

"But we ain't tramps, all the same."

"What are you doing here, then?"

"Taking a rest."

"Are you going to Slagsville?"

Taking chances on Slagsville being ahead of them, Hack said:

"Yes. How far is it off yet?"

"Only about ten miles."

"Oh, glories!"

And the Mystic Three gave vent to a simultaneous groan.

"What ails you?" asked the man. "Are you ill?"

"We're tired."

"Well, mebbe you want a lift?"

"We just do. What will you charge to take us to Slagsville?"

"A quarter apiece."

"But what's the use of going there?" interrupted Sim. "It's all on fire."

"There is a good many fires there," said the man; "but I guess there'll be a house or two left agin you have arrove, anyhow."

And he chuckled in a way which struck the Devastators as being very curious indeed.

They were in no mood for putting questions, however.

Even if the town was entirely burned down by the time they arrived there, they would have got so much further on their way.

So they closed the bargain and paid the man the sum he asked.

Then they climbed into the wagon.

It was a great, lumbering vehicle, with a canvas top and sides, like a tent, and the floor was covered with a thick layer of straw.

Compared with the bleak, open road, it was as warm as a comfortable bedroom.

To the Mystic Three, indeed, it presented a semblance of comfort they had not met with since they left New York.

Curled up in the straw, they forgot everything in a very few moments in the blissful oblivion of dreams.

They were sound asleep when the wagoner, who had dismounted to fix some portion of his horses' harness, looked in upon them.

"Pore young chaps," he said. "They're clean tuckered out, sure enough."

And, remounting, he urged his sleepy horses forward, and the chariot started with a creak loud and dismal enough to wake the dead.

But the Devastators were not dead, which is probably the reason they did not wake.

CHAPTER LI.

A SCARE.

THE wagon rumbled on along the gritty road for a good three hours without meeting a soul.

Then scattering cabins began to appear, dark, tumble-down and grimy.

The glow in the sky had become dotted with the fires of many foundry chimneys, and the thunder of the heavy steam-hammers filled the air.

But the Mystic Three slept through all, and when the wagon turned off from the road through a gateway and stopped in a yard full of huge heaps of ashes, they were still snoring.

The driver unharnessed his horses with the deliberate slowness of a tired man.

Then he approached the wagon to wake his passengers up.

But they looked so snug and comfortable in the straw that the good-natured fellow had not the heart to rouse them.

"Let 'em sleep till sun-up," he said to himself. "They couldn't get into no house at this time of night, anyway."

And he went off, driving his horses before him and closing the yard gate as he passed out.

The yard in which the wagon stood was surrounded on three sides by towering brick walls, in which were great arched openings without doors.

Through these openings the interior of the foundry was visible, lighted by the fierce glow of the furnaces.

Men naked to the waist, and blackened by their work till they rather resembled fiends than human beings, moved about at their labor inside.

From time to time some of these wheeled great masses of red-hot waste metal out in iron barrows and dumped them into a pool in a corner of the yard, where they expired, hissing, in a cloud of steam.

Several hours passed, and it wanted only an hour of daylight when the Mystic Three began to stir.

Simeon Walsingham Pugsley was the first to wake.

And when the hideous combination of noises produced by the foundry smote his ears, he gave vent to a piercing shriek.

It was so piercing, indeed, that it sounded through all the tumult loud enough to wake his companions.

Then Gideon Goble and Hackaliah Snick ripped out each a yell for himself, in which Sim joined, for company's sake.

"My stars!" howled Hack.

"Great Snakes!" screamed Sim.

"Blazing binnacles!" yelled Gid.

"Where are we?"

"What's the matter?"

"We must be crazy!"

And the three, dazed with sleep and terror, glared at one another's faces, lighted into innumerable colors by the reflection of the fires which found its way under the cover of the wagon.

"Why, you're all covered with blood!" cried Sim.

"And so are you!" exclaimed his friends.

"I ain't."

"You are."

"But I tell you my face is dry."

"So is mine."

"And mine, too."

"It must have dried on it, then."

"But whose blood can it be?"

"It must be the man's."

"What man's?"

"The driver's."

"But how did it get on us?"

"Somebody's killed him and chucked the corpse in here amongst the straw."

At this horrible suggestion the Devastators jumped to their feet as if simultaneously influenced by a powerful electric shock.

At that instant one of the men emptied a barrow full of hot metal into the pool.

It struck the water with a sullen plunge and a sharp hiss.

And right on top of it one of the big steam hammers in the foundry began pounding away with a deafening clamor and a violence that made the very earth shake.

To the Devastators, as yet scarcely awake, these noises were pregnant with horror.

They fell on their knees as promptly as they had jumped up.

Only in doing this they turned their faces toward the open rear end of the cart.

And in that way got an unobstructed view through one of the doors of the foundry.

Now, none of the Mystic Three had ever seen such a place before.

Or ever read a description of one.

In fact, they had not had time, in view of the rapidity with which their favorite dime novels had been produced, which did not give them time to study any other class of literature.

Consequently, they didn't know what under the sun, moon or stars to make of it.

The deafening noise stunned them.

The pounding of the hammers shook the earth and made their nerves dance.

The glare of the fires dazzled them.

Consequently, it is no wonder that the Mystic Three of Suckerville were scared.

In fact, scared was no name for it.

They were fairly paralyzed with fright.

To their eyes the sooty, sweat-streaming, half-naked foundry-men seemed fiends of the infernal regions, and they buried their faces in the straw with a howl of horror.

This cry attracted the attention of a man who was going out of the yard, and he approached the wagon.

"Is anybody in there?" he demanded, in a hoarse voice.

At this interrogation the Devastators gave vent to another dismal howl.

"Well, I should say there was," the man went on. "What are you chaps doing in there?"

"Please, good Mr. Devil, we ain't doing anything," groaned Gid.

"Please what?" demanded the man, sharply. "Are you looney?"

"I shouldn't wonder," whimpered Gid.

"Neither should I," grunted the man. "How did you get here?"

"We were brought."

"Who by?"

"The wagon."

"And how did you get in the wagon?"

"Climb in."

"But who let you climb in?"

"The man we paid seventy-five cents for a ride to."

"Oh, that's the racket, is it?"

"Yes, sir. And please, sir, we didn't mean to do it."

"To do what?"

"Stay here."

"Oh, you didn't, eh?"

"No. The man must have gone off while we were asleep."

"Well, there ain't any harm done, I guess. You'd better get up, though. It's near daylight, and they'll want to load the cart."

"What with, sir?"

"Iron."

"Iron! Where are we, then?"

"You're in the yard of the Slagville iron-foundry."

And the man went away, whistling.

The Mystic Three now turned on one another.

Or, to be more explicit, Hack and Gid turned on Sim.

"You're a pretty coward, ain't you?" remarked the first.

"A regular chicken-heart," observed Gid.

"Chicken-heart! Why, I don't believe he's got any heart at all!"

"Who ever heard of a chap funking the way he did?"

"Nobody."

"And he wants to be an Indian-killer, too."

"White-livered Sim, the Scalp-hunter, eh?"

By this time Sim had regained his nerve sufficiently to speak for himself.

"So you fellows think I was scared, do you?"

"Think?"

"Yes, think!"

"No, we don't."

"Then what are you blowing about?"

"We're blowing because we know you were."

"You don't know anything of the sort."

"You haven't the cheek to say you weren't scared?"

"Well, I wasn't."

Gideon Goble and Hackaliah Snick rolled their eyes toward the roof of the cart in speechless stupefaction.

Then each took one of Sim's hands and shook it fervently.

The latter, considerably amazed at this performance, stared dumbly from one to the other, while Gid said:

"Accept my congratulations, Puggy."

"And mine," added Hack.

"I give in."

"And so do I."

"You're the daisy."

"The real persimmon."

"The out and out."

"Up and down."

"Round and round."

"High."

"Low."

"Jack."

"And the game."

"Boss liar of the universe. Now let's go and see what we can see."

And they jumped out of the cart, leaving Simeon Walsingham Pugsley to pocket the insult, bottle up his wrath and follow them.

CHAPTER LII.

THE IRON FOUNDRY.

THE night-gang of the foundry workmen were just being relieved, and the day-men were coming into the yard by scores.

As the workmen passed in they stared at our heroes with open-eyed wonder.

"Jumpin' caterpillars," exclaimed one long, lank Hoosier, as he stopped before the trio, "what kind of critters be you, anyway?"

"We're not critters at all, my good man," responded Sim, loftily.

"What be you, then?"

"Can't yer see?"

"I kin see three queer-lookin' gawks, that sort o' look like a circus run to seed."

"Where do you see them?"

"Right before my eyes."

"Well, I can't see anything of the kind."

And Sim gazed eagerly in every direction, as if very anxious to be gratified with a sight of the three objects in question.

"You can't see 'em, hay?" continued the foundry man.

"No, sir, not any."

"Well, you just look at one another, or take a squint at a lookin'-glass, and you'll behold them same identical critters."

"Probably you mean us?"

"I reckon I do."

"And do you mean to say we look like that?"

"I sartainly do."

"That's because we haven't had time to attend to our toilets yet this morning."

"And our baggage hasn't arrived yet," added Hack.

"I reckon it never will," said the foundry man, grinning. "I say, mates, come and see the show."

And about twenty of the workmen gathered round and plied them with questions, or made remarks the reverse of complimentary about their personal appearance.

The Devastators were rapidly getting angry, when the ringing of a big bell summoned the men away to their work, and they were left to their own devices.

"Well, fellows," said Hack, as their tormentors departed, "I don't know how it is with you, but this member of the Snick family has got to have something to eat."

"I say ditto to that," responded Sim; "how do you feel, Gid?"

"I could eat a whole pig."

"Then you'd better help yourself; there's a whole pile of them over there."

And he pointed to another part of the yard.

Gid looked eagerly in that direction, and then rejoined:

"A whole pile of what?"

"Pigs."

"I don't seem to perceive them, Mr. Pugsley."

"You don't?"

"Not much."

"They're right before your eyes."

"Oh, I see, smarty; you mean pigs of iron."

"Well, you didn't mention what kind you wanted."

"I'm afraid these would lie rather heavy on my stomach."

"Sim was only speaking iron-ically," said Hack, gravely.

"That'll do, Mr. Snick; don't give a fellow bad puns on an empty stomach."

"You'd rather have puns of grub, eh? Well, come along and fill your 'ittle 'tomach, then."

"How am I going to do it?" demanded Gid.

"Cast your weather eye, my storm-tossed and scow-wrecked mariner, to the sou'-sou'-east by south, a little southerly, and you will behold what appeareth to the naked eye like unto a grocery."

"I see it, worthy messmate, I see it."

"And I also behold it, noble comrade," added Sim.

"Then let us descend upon the Teutonic individual whom I see in the doorway, and purchase great store of grub."

"We will, sweet cherub, we will."

And they did.

They bought some canned meat, a measure of potatoes, and a quantity of crackers and cheese.

Then returning to the furnace-yard, they roasted the potatoes in the hot ashes and slag at the foot of one of the furnaces, and soon had a feast that, if not fit for a king, was quite satisfactory to three very hungry boys.

For once the Devastators deserved their name.

They didn't leave so much as a cheese-paring.

"What are we to do next?" queried Gid, when the banquet was finished.

"Go West, of course," responded Sim.

"That's always your song."

"Well, it will be till we get there."

"I thought you fellows promised me a cruise on the lakes?" continued Gid.

"Well, we haven't come to any lakes yet, have we?" inquired Sim.

"Besides," added Hack, "you've just had a cruise, haven't you?"

"Yes, and he wrecked the ship and nearly drowned the whole crew," said Sim.

"I don't see what more you want," added Hack, "unless your thirst for gore is still unsatisfied."

This combined attack had the effect of silencing Gid, if not to convince him, and at Sim's proposal they started to take a look round the works.

The yard, which was quite extensive, was bounded on one side by four blast-furnaces, placed at equal distances, and on the other by the huge range of buildings occupied by the foundry and rolling-mill.

A number of rough sheds stood at either end and in the centre of the yard, while several rail-tracks extended in different directions, on which a number of cars were standing.

The Mystic Three wandered about, prying into everything, as was their wont, asking about seventeen questions to the square inch, and making, as one of the workmen remarked, "blarsted nuisances of themselves generally."

At length, having made the circuit of the premises, they halted before one of the furnaces.

It happened to be filled to the brim with the molten metal, which was almost ready to be drawn off.

The workman in charge of it had been called away for a moment, and the Mystic Three took advantage of his absence to approach more closely than they could otherwise have done.

"I wonder what that thing is for?" exclaimed Hackaliah, pointing to the tamping-rod.

"Don't you know?" demanded Sim, who never confessed ignorance of anything.

"If I did I wouldn't ask."

"Why, that's to work the draft with."

"To work the draft?"

"Yes. When you pull it out it makes the fire burn faster, that's all."

"Oh, that's all, is it?"

"Exactly."

"Well, I'm going to see if it is."

And Hackaliah seized the handle of the rod and began to tug at it.

"You'd better let it alone," cried Gid, doubtfully.

Before Hackaliah could reply there was a sudden roar.

The tamp gave way, and the molten iron shot out in a fiery flood, scattering a shower of glittering globules of metal in every direction.

With a simultaneous yell of terror the trio took to their heels, just as a whirlwind of smoke and flame inveloped the sheds and the row of cars near by. But the Mystic Three did not stop to witness the conflagration.

Without stopping to look behind them, they tore out of the yard and round the nearest turning, as if pursued by a legion of fiends.

They heard behind them the wild shouts of the excited workmen, and the roar of the flames, and the thought of what they might expect if caught lent speed to their flying feet.

CHAPTER LIII.

CAPTAIN JUGG ON DECK.

WHEN at length the fugitives halted, completely out of breath from the rapidity of their flight, they found themselves fully a mile from the scene of their late disaster, and just entering the main street of Slagville.

Looking back, they saw only a cloud of smoke rising from the iron works, and began to hope that the conflagration had not proved as extensive as they had feared.

In fact, the fire had burnt itself out almost as quickly as it originated.

With the exception of the few sheds near the furnace, and half a dozen cars close at hand, there had been nothing inflammable enough to burn.

The trio did not know this, however, and walked on rapidly, being unanimously of the opinion that the neighborhood might probably prove unhealthy if they remained in it long.

They had not exchanged a word from the moment when they began their flight.

Gid was the first to break the silence.

"I hope you're satisfied, Mr. Snick," he remarked, with an air of disgust.

"Of course I'm satisfied; why shouldn't I be? We're all right, ain't we?" replied Hack, defiantly.

"All right?"

"Yes, sir; A No. 1; bang up, old particular; all right."

"Well, that may be your opinion, but it ain't mine, by a long chalk."

"Oh, it ain't, ain't it?"

"No, sir; most decidedly not."

"Who asked your opinion, any way?"

"I don't generally wait to be asked."

"I know you don't, if there's any grub in sight."

"If I've got anything to say, I usually say it," Gid went on.

"It don't tire you much, does it?" inquired Hack.

"Why don't it?"

"Well, you don't often have anything to say, you know."

"I have more than Sim, it seems; he hasn't opened his head since he started to run away."

"Oh, Sim's lost his voice," remarked Hackaliah.

"I guess it was clean scared out of him," continued Gid, with a grin.

Sim maintained a dignified silence.

"Poor Puggy!" said Hack, sighing; "it's very sad."

"Terrible."

"He was such a pretty talker, too."

"Beautiful."

"What on earth shall we do with him?" continued Hack. "We can't take him along with us in this dreadful condition."

"It would be cruel," acquiesced Gid.

"I wonder if there's any deaf and dumb asylum round here?"

"I reckon there must be."

"That's the place for him, then."

"Just the spot."

"But perhaps he ain't deaf," added Hack, reflectively.

"Well, suppose he ain't; he's dumb, ain't he?"

"He couldn't very well be dummer, without being a clean gone, dod-rotted imbecile idiot. But they might object to take him if he's only half a dummy."

"That's so; I didn't think of that," said Gid. "Let's try him."

And approaching Sim from either side, they simultaneously yelled:

"Hallo, Puggy!" in voices loud enough to raise the dead.

The result was not exactly what they expected.

For Simeon Walsingham Pugsley gave vent to a yell that would have done no discredit to a Sioux chief.

And, striking out to right and left, laid his fellow Devastators sprawling on the ground.

"Good joke, ain't it?" said Sim, with a smile of ineffable sweetness, as they picked themselves up.

"You're liable to find out whether it is or not, Mr. Pugsley," said Hack, swelling with indignation and rubbing his left ear.

"I have found out, thank you," responded Sim.

"You'll find out a darned sight more, Puggy, splice my tow-line, if you don't," added Gid, wrathfully.

"All right, gentlemen; any time you like. I'm on hand and ready for business. City and country orders filled with neatness and dispatch. A liberal discount to clubs."

And Sim squared off at an imaginary enemy, and then performed a double shuffle.

Then he continued:

"But don't it strike you, something just struck you, you know, that we better be making tracks out of this in short metre?"

"Why so?"

"Because I've a notion it won't be comfortable for us around here very long."

The discomfited Devastators acquiesced in the wisdom of this remark.

And bottling up their wrath to keep it warm for a more convenient opportunity, followed Sim as he led the way down a side-street which ran toward the west.

After walking about three hundred yards, the road turned sharply to the left, and to their astonishment they saw before them a familiar object.

It was nothing less than the canal.

"Well, blame my cats," said Sim, stopping short, "if this don't beat the deck."

"Double-reef my rudder-lines," exclaimed Gid, fervently; "here's that darned old canal again."

"It is, by gum!" added Hackaliah, after a long look at the muddy ditch.

"Fellows," cried Sim, "this is the biggest luck we could have struck."

"How do you make that out?"

"Easy enough. We've only got to walk down here a mile or two, and we're pretty sure to meet a boat."

"Thank you; but I've had enough of canaling."

"So have I."

"But in this case we'll pay our own way, you know. We can get the captain to carry us as far as he's going, and we'll get out of this fix as slick as a greased eel."

"That's so; it'll be just the thing," said Hack.

As for Gid, the prospect of being once more afloat delighted him.

They had scarcely come to this conclusion, when a boat came in sight round a bend a little distance off, and slowly approached.

"Now, fellows," cried Sim, as the boat drew near, "you just keep quiet and I'll do the talking."

"All right," said Hack; "fire away and make the bargain."

The boat was nearly opposite them, and Sim was just about to hail the steersman, when a man emerged from the cabin and sat down on the trunk.

He was a rough-looking customer, so dilapidated as to clothes, and so battered as to face, that he appeared as if he might have been run through a sausage machine.

He had a short clay pipe in his mouth.

And he also had blood in his eye.

With one glance the Devastators recognized this individual, and their hearts sank clear into their boots, and tried hard to crawl out through their toes.

It was Captain Jugg.

At the same instant, the captain's eyes fell upon the trio. With a howl like that of an enraged tiger he sprang to his feet.

And the Mystic Three found the use of theirs.

As the captain leaped ashore, shouting wild imprecations, and flourishing a big stick, they ran for dear life up the tow-path.

Captain Jugg was at their heels, puffing like a grampus and yelling like an Indian.

The Devastators had done some tall running in their time, but they had never run as they did now.

Up the tow-path, over a canal-bridge and down a narrow lane they dashed like scared antelopes.

The captain was gaining on them fast.

In another moment one or all of them would be in his clutches.

Suddenly they darted out into an open space, and saw before them a railroad-station, from which a train was just starting.

It was still moving slowly, but with increasing speed.

Nerved by desperation, they rushed toward the train.

Their infuriated pursuer was within ten yards of them, when, moved by a common impulse, the Mystic Three leaped upon the cow-catcher of the engine and clutched the iron framework with the grip of despair.

The whistle gave a shrill shriek, the engineer "gave her steam," and the locomotive bounded forward.

On went the train at rapidly increasing speed, while the Devastators clung speechless to their dangerous resting-place.

And Captain Jugg danced a war-dance on the station-platform, flourished his club and hurled curses both loud and deep after the vanishing trio.

(To be continued.)

"The Mystic Three" was commenced in No. 271.

VALVES AND PUMPS.

VALVES are contrivances to admit the passage of fluids or gases, by their own pressure, in one direction, and in such a manner that the same pressure shall of itself prevent their return or passage in an opposite direction, as in fig. 1, which is the piston of a common pump. When water has to pass upward it passes up the valve and goes through with but little impediment; but if its course be directed downward its weight at once shuts the valve, which is made to open but one way, and closes the passage. There are almost innumerable varieties of valves. One consists of a ball of metal fitting into a cup which has a hole at the bottom (fig. 2), which effects the same object; the water in passing upward lifts the ball, but as soon as this upward current ceases the ball falls down by its own weight and closes the aperture. Another (fig. 3) is a plug of a conical shape fitting in a socket, and having a rod affixed to the top which passes through a hole in a piece of metal, so as to guide it in its ascent and descent; this is the kind used as the "safety-valve" in steam boilers, but having the plug held down by a spring or weights. Figs. 4 and 5 are representations of a kind of valve which forms the piston itself, and is very useful in a square wooden tube, for temporary purposes, as on board ship, where any number may be fitted up at little trouble, time, or expense.

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

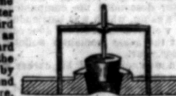


FIG. 3.

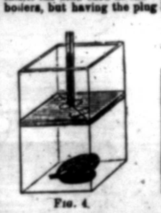


FIG. 4.

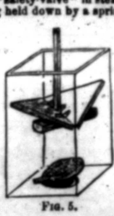


FIG. 5.

There are many valves which do not close by the passage of the fluid, but by machinery, and their utility depends upon being opened and shut at certain periods. The throttle-valve acts differently from either, as it does not open and shut perfectly, nor all at once, but by degrees. It consists of a circular plate or disk placed in a cylinder fitting it exactly, and turned by a rod passing through the side of the cylinder, which rod, when turned round, either presents the edge of the disk to the direction in which the fluid has to pass or turns it more or less at angles to that direction; in which case the quantity of steam or water can be regulated and diminished gradually till the disk is at right angles, when the current is stopped. The throttle-valve is generally used in the steam-pipe of the steam-engine, and the rod proceeding from it is acted on by the "governor," so as to regulate the supply. There are many other valves besides these, as the sliding valves of steam-engines, etc.

PUMPS AND FIRE ENGINES.

Pumps are used for lifting fluids above their level into some higher situation, such as from the hold of a ship or from a well. Fig. 1 shows the different parts of a common "lifting pump"; *a a* is a cylinder, *b*, a piston rod or "plunge," *c*, the sucker, made of leather and fitting the cylinder, *d*, a valve in the sucker to open upward, *e*, a valve fixed to the cylinder, also to open upward, *f*, a box with a spout.

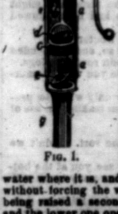


FIG. 1.

The piston being raised by lowering the handle of the pump, a partial vacuum is formed below the upper valve, which shuts down by the pressure of the air directly the piston is raised; this vacuum causes the external air to force the water some way up the tube *g*. On the piston descending, the lower valve is forced down and the upper one opened; this keeps the water where it is, and allows the piston to descend without forcing the water down again; and on its being raised a second time the upper valve shuts and the lower one opens, the water being drawn up still higher, and this takes place till the box at the top is full to the spout, when it runs out.

The air-pump is on the same principle, and is generally made with two cylinders, worked by means of a "rack" and wheel (fig. 2); this is only to save time. Instead of pumping water it pumps out air from any vessel called a "receiver," because it receives any object to be placed in a "vacuum"—that is to say, a partial vacuum, as that only can be obtained (for the air is only partly removed by each stroke of the piston, leaving that inside more rarefied).

FIG. 2.

Fire and garden-engines are only applications of the pump to different purposes. The fire-engine has generally two cylinders and pistons, and has, moreover, an air-chamber for the purpose of making the stream continuous. It acts in this way: The water is forced (by the power of those who are pumping the engine) into a vessel air-tight and full of air, having an opening which is joined to the "hose" at its lower part, the result is, that as the water is forced in faster than it can well escape, the air above it becomes greatly compressed, and by its expansion between each stroke of the pistons, forces the water out in a continuous stream or jet. Fig. 3 shows this air-chamber; *a* joins to the hose *c*, and *b* is in union with the forcing-pumps of the engine. The air is represented as it would be compressed to about half its bulk, for it at first filled all the air-chamber down to the openings.

FIG. 3.

Rob Rollalong, the Runaway.

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG,

AUTHOR OF THE "JACK HARKAWAY" AND "DICK LIGHTHEART" STORIES, ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

(Continued from page 2[illegible].)

DESCENDING the hill, they ran to the sea, their faces flushed with health and excitement, and they reached the beach just in time to meet the other two survivors of the wreck, who had constructed a raft, upon which they had piled provisions, they being able to propel themselves by means of two oars.

The meeting between them was cordial in the extreme.

"We never expected to see you again," said Doctor Ames. "When we found you were not on deck we reckoned you had been swept overboard."

"What did you do?" asked Kedge.

"Played tangle-foot-euchre and whisky-poker till the storm was over, and finished up the captain's case-bottle of rum, which I know to be pretty strong, more by token that I've got a head on me like a pumpkin this morning, and a thirst a yard long, which, like the fire that never dies, takes a thundering lot of quenching."

"That's me, all up my back," remarked Johnson.

"We reached land by the aid of heaven and a hencoop," said Rob.

"Have you explored the island?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, sir," replied Kedge.

"Where are we?"

"On the Island of Juan Fernandez."

"How can you assert that so positively?"

"Didn't Robinson Crusoe live here after he was wrecked?"

"So they say."

"We have proved that he did beyond the possibility of a doubt, for we have found his castle."

"Never!"

"It's a fact," said Kedge. "Ask Rob."

"No joking, boys," said the doctor.

"It's perfectly true, sir," said Rob. "I would not joke about such a thing, because I consider it too interesting. All that is wanted to put the house in order for our use is a few hours' work with an ax. We must then roof it in with boards we can get from the ship, and we shall be all hunkey-dorey."

"This is an astounding discovery!" exclaimed the doctor; "and it is a source of uneasiness as well as of gratification."

"How?"

"If you are correct in your statement, or supposition, I ought to say, we are in the neighborhood of cannibals, who come over from other islands to have their man-eating feasts, and they would just as soon make a meal of us as not."

"Well, we have arms and plenty of ammunition," said Kedge. "All we want is discipline."

"Certainly. United we stand, divided we fall. Let that be our motto," replied the doctor.

"Let's elect a captain, whose orders shall be obeyed at all times. I vote for the doc," said Kedge.

"So do I," cried Rob.

"What do you say, Johnson?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, I don't want to say anything at all," replied Johnson, surlily. "I ain't going to live in a shanty while the ship holds together."

"You won't throw in your lot with us?"

"No, siree—not if I can't be boss."

"The boys have elected me," replied the doctor, "and surely you will admit that, from my age and experience, I am more fitted to command than you; and as for your standing by the ship, that can only last a short time. The next storm or two will knock her to pieces. We shall take out all the stores, and——"

"No, you won't," said Johnson.

"Who's to stop us?"

"I will. I reason this way: Whatever is in that ship belongs to us equally—that is to say, we all have an equal right to share."

"Certainly; but as we don't know how long we may have to stop here—all our lives, perhaps—the stores should be used for the common good."

"I'll stick to the ship as long as she holds together, and then——"

He paused, as if he did not exactly know what he would do then.

"I'll take my chance," he continued, with an oath.

"You're a very foolish fellow, and will regret this some day," said the doctor.

"Oh, you can rip," replied Johnson.

Thinking he was a little under the influence of the liquor he had consumed during the night, the doctor did not resent his insolence.

He simply said:

"Come, come, Johnson; throw in your lot with us."

"Tell you I won't."

"Don't be a fool and a hog."

"If you call me names, I'll——"

"Well, what will you do?" asked the doctor, calmly.

"You'll find out, my friend," replied Johnson, "if you get my dander up. I'm going to live aboard the ship, and you can't stop me—no, nor any other swab." He looked fiercely at Rob and Kedge.

"Ain't he ugly?" said Rob, in an undertone.

"Oh, take no notice of him. He's as full as a tick now," said Kedge.

"Yes," replied Rob; "and he'll be as full as a goat all the time he can get at the rum."

"I'll bet you."

"What's that you're saying?" cried Jack Johnson, who had overheard the remarks.

"None of your business," replied Rob.

"Yes, it is, you sassy young cub. If I'm tight, it's my drink—not yours; you don't pay for it. The rum's as much mine as any one else's."

"It ought to be kept as medicine, and only used when wanted," said the doctor.

"Oh, you're a nice one to talk about medicine," replied Johnson, with a sneer. "You can't take your lotion. If I've been on a bum, so have you. There ain't a sucker going that——"

"Hush up!" interrupted Doctor Ames.

"I've been in the British navy, and I don't mean to allow any Yankee trash to talk to me."

"Pity you didn't stay there."

"That's what I think," replied Johnson.

"Perhaps they wouldn't have you," said the doctor, who was getting angry; "and, like many another who comes to America, you left your country for your country's good."

"What would your country do without the English?"

"We don't want the scum, anyhow."

"When it comes to calling a man scum, it's time he took his hook," said Johnson. "So here goes. If any of you want to come on this raft, now's your time, as I'm going to the ship."

They all followed him on board the raft.

"All aboard, little children—all aboard what's going," cried Rob.

The journey to the ship was performed in a little over half an hour; but before they started they dumped the things the doctor had brought on the beach, out of the reach of the waves.

Having gained the ship, they were pleased to see that, though she was much battered about by the force of the wind and waves, the stores were very little damaged.

Johnson went into the captain's cabin, and, lighting a cigar, drank some more cabinet whisky, refusing to do anything to help the others.

"He won't lend a hand," said Kedge, "so I suppose we must get along as well as we can without him."

"When he comes out of his temper he'll be glad enough to make terms with us," replied the doctor.

"Let's make him our servant. We shall want some help," said Rob.

"I'll fix him," said the doctor, "when the time comes."

"Now, doc, you're boss," said Kedge; "what are we to do?"

"What do you propose?"

"To put Robinson Crusoe's castle in repair and live in it, taking something from the wreck every day."

"Good enough. We can manage two raft-loads to-day, or say one only, as we shall have to work at the castle," said the doctor. "First of all, get axes, hammers and nails; tear down boards for the roof; get out rifles, guns and pistols, as well as cartridges—there are a few on board, I know."

"Let's hoist the Stars and Stripes on the top of a tree, after cutting off all the branches, so as to make it look like a flagstaff," suggested Rob.

"And attract the notice of the cannibals. No, thank you."

"I didn't think of that, doc."

"You're a little too impulsive, my young and intelligent friend. If you want to find a grave in the stomach of a savage, by all means do as you suggest; but remember that Robinson Crusoe, our prototype, did all he could to conceal the fact of his existence from any impertinent visitors with man-eating proclivities. It reminds me of Cowper's lines:

"'I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.'"

"Yes," said Rob; "I've read that. It was one of our pieces at school, and you recollect the next verse:

"'Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.'"

"Very true; but Robinson was alone, and had no one to talk to."

"He had his goat, his parrot and his Man Friday."

"Any way, he wasn't so well fixed as we are."

"That's so, sir."

"Now, boys, set to work with a will. We shall have the in-coming tide with us in a couple of hours, and it will lighten the labor of getting the raft on shore."

"There is one thing I want to say, sir," remarked Kedge.

"Out with it."

"Crusoe used to guide his raft up the creek, and I think I saw one a little to the left of where you landed."

"A good notion. The sea waves washed over us a good deal, and if we had anything on the raft of a perishable nature, the saltwater would certainly spoil it. We will steer for the creek."

"The creek's the thing," said Kedge, who was loading the raft.

Johnson came on deck with a cigar in his mouth, and lounging against the foremast, said:

"Have you fellows got all you want?"

"All we want at present," replied the doctor.

"You'd best h'ist in all you can, for you won't come here any more to rob me."

"Won't we?"

"No, you can bet your sweet life on that."

"I guess we shan't ask your permission," exclaimed the doctor.

"You 'guess'; why can't you talk English? You'll have to stop guessing and make your mind up, for, by jingo! I'll shoot the first of you who places a foot on this craft again."

"Shoot, will you?"

"As sure as I stand here."

"Two can play at that game. You're a heavy rooster, Mr. Jack Johnson; but I've brought down bigger birds than you, and if you blow so hard, you'll burst yourself."

"Oh, you go and put your head in a bag, old pill-roller."

"Thank you," said Doctor Ames. "You're a gentleman."

"I've been in the British service, and in the Royal Navy we meet gentlemen; and they're a sort you don't breed on this side of the water. What are you? A parcel of jumped-up cads."

No sooner had he said this than Doctor Ames, who thought that his abuse had gone far enough, and that, drunk or sober, he should be punished for his insolence, dealt him a blow in the face, which sent him staggering into the scuppers.

"Take that, you ill-bred beast!" he exclaimed, "and get up, for I want to give you some more."

Johnson, however, was too clever to move; he pretended to be stunned, and remained perfectly motionless.

"You talk of gentility," continued the justly indignant doctor. "What do you know about gentlemen beyond having blacked their boots, or handed them a cup of coffee? Don't talk to me, any more, or I'll make it red-hot for you, you puppy!"

The doctor joined the others on the raft, and while the boys were propelling it laboriously to the shore, he exclaimed:

"I'm afraid that fraud Johnson is going to give us some trouble."

"He may be all right when he gets over his bum, sir," said Kedge.

"I won't stand any nonsense from him. The fellow is a coward as well as a boaster, and I have given him one lesson, which it's not my fault if he does not take to heart."

He did not see Johnson get up after they had left the ship, and, with a look of deadly malice on his face, shake his fist at them, while his features were convulsed with rage.

The creek was found, as Kedge had predicted it would be, and very convenient they found it, as, by going some little distance up, they got into smooth water, which enabled them to land their stores without any risk or difficulty.

They left them all together on the ground, and moored the raft while they went to the castle.

Each carried an ax, and felt anointed with the spirit of the hardy pioneers and settlers who have made America what she is—a great country, and the wonder of the nations of the world, who admire while they wonder. Selecting a spot away from the sea-view, they cut an alley into the castle, removing the trees, but leaving the stumps to be grubbed at their leisure.

Having reached the house, they found no door, and remembered that Crusoe used to get in by a ladder, which he pulled up after him, so as to prevent surprise.

But the doctor, as well as the boys, thought this rather a tedious proceeding, so they cut a door, and having gained an entrance, at once began to put the dilapidated abode of the great Robinson into something like decent repair.

The doctor was deeply interested in the various relics of this remarkable man, which lay scattered about.

But there was little time to examine them now, so they were collected and thrown into a corner, while the work of demolishing the trees and shrubs, which had grown up inside, was proceeded with.

By degrees this was done, the interior cleared, and the rubbish taken outside; but it was too late that day to put on the roof.

They were satisfied with their day's work, however, and going down to the creek, made a hearty meal on salt beef and crackers.

The beef they boiled over a fire in a kettle, which they had brought from the ship for that purpose.

It was fortunate that they were well off for matches, as Rob nearly broke his heart in trying to kindle a fire by rubbing two dry sticks together.

This can be done, as we know, for we have done it ourselves in an emergency when camping out; but it requires a great deal of time, trouble, and experience.

The idea that you can easily light a fire by firing a pistol into a heap of dry sticks is also a fallacy, as you are more likely to blow your sticks to the four winds of heaven than kindle your fire.

What trouble people must have had with their flints, and steels, and tinder-boxes before the common sulphur match was invented!

Truly, we have gone ahead in the last fifty years. If the world goes on making itself wise, and saving itself trouble, in the same ratio, where shall we be in the year of our Lord 1200?

After dinner they carried their stores to the castle, and wrapping themselves in their blankets, went to sleep, but only to be up by daybreak.

They were all so anxious to get settled that they did not wish to lose an hour, and the doctor shared the enthusiasm of the boys.

The roof was put on the house, holes in the wall mended, sand put on the floor, the partition strengthened, etc.

The castle was divided into three parts. The first was the common, or dining-room, the second was the sleeping-apartment, and the third the storehouse.

In the latter, everything they had was put away; and it was big enough to hold all they expected to be able to take from the ship.

When the castle was finished, and they had cut down the trees close by, so as to give light to a few windows they had made, they were well satisfied with their work.

They had no glass to put in the windows, but they made a sort of shutter to fill up the space, should they want to close them up at any time.

The shelter of the trees was so thick around the house that no wind or rain could blow or fall in; and the climate was so mild and temperate all the year round that there was no necessity for a fireplace.

All their cooking was to be done outside.

It took them three days to get everything fixed to their satisfaction, during which time the weather remained calm; and considering it time to make another visit to the ship, and get away all the things they could, they started.

There were numerous things they wanted, or would want, such as clothes, boots, etc., and they resolved to remove all the chests belonging to the officers and men.

The poor fellows had gone to their last account, and would require them no more.

When they got near the ship, they saw Johnson standing on deck. He was intently watching them.

"He'll give in, I expect," said Rob, "and beg our pardon."

"That's not the kind of a pirate he is," said Kedge. "He's much more likely to try and give us the lead. He's got a pistol in his hand, anyway."

The doctor said nothing, but his hand sought his pistol-pocket, as if he thought there might be some use for it.

If Johnson was going to behave like a wild beast, he must be treated as one.

It was no use wasting any kindness or sympathy on him; they had been good enough to him already.

When they were within a short distance of the wreck, Johnson shouted: "Stand off!"

"What for?" asked the doctor.

"I warned you, doc," was the reply, "that I'd have no more things taken out of this ship. I'm a man of my word, and don't you forget it; so just turn your raft round and go back to the island, or, as sure as I breathe, I'll have your lives! Keep off now—keep off!"

Rob and Kedge left off moving the raft.

They looked to the doctor for advice, but he hesitated in giving it, as it was difficult in a moment to know how to act with such a disagreeable fellow as Johnson had shown himself.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CANNIBAL FEAST.

THE doctor did not hesitate long, for his medical experience enabled him to see that Johnson had been drinking hard.

ROB ROLLALONG, THE RUNAWAY.—"DRAWN UP ON THE BEACH WERE HALF A DOZEN CANOES, EACH CAPABLE OF HOLDING TWELVE PEOPLE. IN THE GLADE WERE A MASS OF SAVAGES, OVER SIXTY IN NUMBER."—SEE PAGE 283.

In his hand he held a pistol, but the hand shook so badly that the chances were he would not be able to hit a haystack if he had fired at it from only a distance of a dozen paces.

"Send her along," he said to the boys.

They continued to propel the raft toward the wreck, regardless of Johnson's furious gestures and threats.

"Are you crazy?" cried Johnson. "I am armed."

"So am I," replied Doctor Ames, producing his revolver. "I've given many a pill in my time, but if I have to give you a leaden one, I guess you won't want any more."

"Haven't I told you to keep away from this ship?"

"You have, though I don't see any reason why I should obey your orders."

"I'll fire, by ——"

"Fire away, and look smart about it, or I'll have first shot. Do you want to kill me, Jack?"

"No, doc, I don't want to hurt you," replied Johnson. "That's the son of a sea-cook I want to give the lead to."

He pointed to Rob.

"Don't alarm yourself about me; I'm all hunk," said Rob.

Still the raft continued to approach the wreck, and was now quite close.

Johnson roared frantically, like a maniac.

"Keep off, d'ye hear me? Sheer off, I say!" he cried. "By George, if you don't you'll regret it!"

With this he fired his pistol, but, as Doctor Ames had surmised, the bullet flew wide of the mark.

The doctor now retaliated, giving Johnson three barrels of his revolver, though he took care to aim over his head.

Johnson was alarmed at the firing, and dropping his pistol, ran below like a coward, his intention evidently having been to frighten his former comrades rather than fight them if they made a determined resistance.

"What did I tell you?" remarked the doctor, as the raft ran alongside. "He's too far gone for fighting."

"I guess he's a blower," said Rob.

"What will you do with him, sir?" asked Kedge.

"Put him in irons right away. Take all the rum out of the ship and give him a chance of getting sober. If he remains ugly after that he must take his chance."

"I don't think he'll ever cotton to me," observed Rob.

"He'll have to behave himself or starve."

"We're not good enough for him, sir," said Kedge. "He's been on board the British navy, you know, parts his hair in the middle, says 'Thanks,' and is altogether quite a nice young man."

The doctor smiled at this pleasantry, and the boys sprang on board the wreck.

There were no signs of Johnson, who had gone below, and, from the sounds which came up, he appeared to be busily engaged barricading himself in the captain's stateroom, which he had made his headquarters.

"Kedge," said the doctor, "won't you find some handcuffs and leg-irons?"

"Yes, sir."

"Rob, keep guard top of those stairs, and if he slips by us, give him one of your sledgehammers on the ear. You've done it before and can do it again."

"All right, sir," answered Rob, with a satisfied grin.

There was no love lost between him and Johnson, and he thought a good licking would bring him to his senses as soon as anything.

If the doctor had ordered a thrashing, Rob was just the boy to give it him.

When Kedge returned with the irons, he and the doctor descended the companionway to the captain's cabin, which was barricaded.

A violent assault on the door caused it to fly open.

At the same moment a bullet whistled past the doctor's ear.

An inch nearer and his career would have come to an untimely end.

"A near shave," he muttered. "I must put a stopper on this gentle youth. He's too fresh, and wants salting down badly."

With this remark he rushed upon Johnson, hitting him hard on the nose, making the blood flow and knocking him down, when he fell on his body, kneeling on his chest and holding him by the throat in a tight clutch, which was a necessary measure, as the younger still grasped the pistol and might have done some mischief if he had been allowed free play for his arms.

"Slip the irons on him," said Doctor Ames.

Kedge lost no time in doing so, and handcuffed Johnson as well as putting a chain round his legs.

"Let up," said Johnson. "Do you want to murder me?"

"Not a bit of it, my lad; we only want to protect ourselves and stop you from making an ass of yourself."

"Why should you boss me?"

"We are doing nothing of the sort. Didn't we offer to take you with us?"

"And I wouldn't go, and I'll see you at the bottom of the Pacific before I'll have any truck with such a mean lot as you are."

"That's good enough, my lad. Stick to that. We're not begging you to come. Lie where you are for a while and cool yourself off," replied the doctor.

Johnson glared at them with the ferocity of a wild beast.

He was quite an amiable young man, and would have been an acquisition to any manager of a menagerie wanting a specimen of the human form divine, thoroughly untamed and developing savage instincts in a marked and extraordinary degree.

"Now, Mr. Jack Johnson, formerly of the British navy!" exclaimed the doctor, "you have an opportunity seldom within your reach of becoming sober, for we are going to remove all the liquor out of your reach, and take away all your arms, powder and shot, so that you can't, in future, make shooting-galleries of those who want to be your friends."

Johnson scowled at the speaker.

"What do you want to do that for, you blamed old bummer?" he said, insolently. "Can't I have some of it?"

"No, sir, not a drop."

"Do you want to get staving drunk all by yourself, you dockside loafer? Curse you!"

"Go on, my lad. Curses are like chickens, they always come home to roost," answered the doctor.

In a short time they had cleared the captain's cabin of all that it contained, and piled its spoils on the deck, regardless of the fearful oaths, the profane language, and the vile abuse of Johnson, who roared and cursed with as much violence as a lunatic.

This showed his true disposition, for, though very much under the influence of liquor, he was yet steady enough to know what he was about, and the full meaning of what he was saying.

All day long the doctor and the boys worked hard, under the sweltering sun, and toward evening they had quite a pile of useful things and luxuries on the beach, ready to carry up to the house.

Among their stores were beddings, tables, chairs, kitchen utensils, knives and forks and spoons, guns, pistols, cartridges, shot of various sizes in bags, powder in kegs, kerosene oil and lamps, candles, many barrels of flour, beef, butter and bread, all the spirits, a cask or two of beer, wine in bottles, etc., etc.

The sun was sinking to rest in the fleecy bosom of the clouds, when Rob, in his shirt-sleeves, exclaimed:

"Is this our last trip, doc?"

"Yes, my lad; we've earned our supper."

"What about Johnson, doc?" asked Kedge.

"He won't hurt. We'll teach him a lesson."

"But he's got nothing to eat or drink. Don't you suppose he'll be in a raging fever through thirst? I heard him calling for water the last time we were at the wreck."

"Let him call."

"Poor devil, I feel sorry for him," said Kedge.

"That shows you are good-hearted, Kedge," exclaimed the doctor. "But you should never allow yourself to suffer for your good nature. That fellow showed us no mercy. He tried to kill us, and he deserves punishment. The lawless scoundrel would have been put to a long term of imprisonment if he had been among a civilized community, and I think we are fully justified in leaving him to repent at his leisure. To-morrow morning we will liberate him."

"Just as you say, doc; you are the boss."

They then busied themselves in carrying the stores to the castle, though it grew dark before they were half through with their work.

After supper they retired to rest, but, as usual, they were up at daybreak, and before visiting the wreck they conveyed the rest of the stores to the castle.

This was tedious work, yet it had to be done, and no one grumbled.

Once Rob remarked, as he rubbed his aching arm:

"It seems hard that a galoot like Johnson should be able to skulk while we are working, because he is sure to come to us, sooner or later, and then he will want to enjoy the fruits of our industry."

"We shall have plenty of work to do even when all is taken out of the wreck, and the last timbers of the old ship have been washed away by the waves," answered the doctor. "And when we do take Johnson back in his repentant moments, he shall toil for us while we play and enjoy ourselves. That is justice, eh?"

"I'll take it out of his hide when that time comes," said Rob.

After breakfast they made another journey to the wreck, and the doctor visited Johnson.

He was much exhausted, and could scarcely speak, his throat was so dry and parched.

Faintly he articulated the word "Water," and the handcuffs and chains being removed, they gave him a copious draught in a pitcher from the ship's tank.

He drank it greedily, as if it was nectar, and was so much revived that he stood up.

"What a night I've had!" he exclaimed, his eyes flashing with the venomous instinct of a snake. "But I'll remember you fellows for it. Are you going to chain me up again?"

"No," replied the doctor.

"What did you do it for?"

"We chained you on the principle and for the same reason that men chain up wild beasts."

"That's a nice way to talk to a chap," said Johnson.

He went to the locker where the whisky had been kept and found it empty, then he looked round for a pistol.

Neither one nor the other could be found, and he uttered a curse, both loud and deep.

"You can't drink or shoot any more," said the doctor, "and if you are wise you will come into our camp, lend a hand in stocking our castle, take share and share about in the work, and be one of us."

"I'll see you darned first," was Johnson's reply.

"Very well, my lad; you are at liberty to please yourself. There is no compulsion in the case. I know who is the loser in the long run, and you can bet your bottom dollar that I shan't ask you any more."

"Oh! this is the last time of asking, is it?"

"Yes, it is."

"Well, you must be precious anxious to get me to join your gang, for you've been at me often enough. What's your game? Am I such a desirable companion?"

"Not by any means."

"Go along!" said Johnson. "I don't understand you infernal Yankees, and, as I said before, I won't have any truck with you. D— you, and your island, too! I'll have an island of my own, if I want it. You can keep yours. To h—— with your island! What does it amount to, after all? I've been in the British navy, and you can't expect me to associate with your merchantmen boys after that."

The doctor smiled pityingly at the empty-headed, vain fool, and left him to himself, while he went

on deck to direct the efforts of Rob and Kedge. Johnson soon afterward followed him, and leant sulkily against the taffrail with his arms folded, looking on in an insolent and nonchalant manner.

But it was easy to see that he was much annoyed at being deprived of the spirits and the arms, and he would have been glad to join the little party of workers if his silly pride would have allowed him to do so.

During the day they made very satisfactory progress, and Johnson did not attempt to interfere with them; indeed, it would have been useless for him to do so, as they had force on their side.

He loafed about the deck in a sulky manner, took up a book and read, smoked his pipe, and, to his great disgust, drank water, which was the strongest beverage he could obtain.

For fully a fortnight the doctor and the two boys worked the raft backward and forward between the ship and the shore.

The weather was all that could be desired.

The castle was well stored with everything. It began to assume a very comfortable appearance, and the inmates had supplies of everything, including clothing, sufficient to last them two years, or more.

Of course, it was impossible to tell how long they might remain on the island; possibly all their lives, as they were out of the track of vessels. To the boys, a life-long detention on the island did not seem such a hard thing, but to the doctor the prospect was different, as he sighed for society; but he did not complain, and the boys found him always cheerful and agreeable, while they respected him, and were obedient to all his orders.

By means of a lasso they caught several goats, and made a strong wooden inclosure for them, to prevent them from straying away.

This enabled them to have fresh milk every morning.

They had made a fireplace at the back of the castle with stones and clay, and without difficulty they lighted a fire, as they had plenty of matches and an unlimited supply of wood; they boiled the kettle, made tea, and, what was a great comfort to them, they had eggs; for, with singular good luck, they found a coop full of fowls on board the wreck, the fowls being alive, as the coop had been washed down the fore-hatch during the storm.

Indeed, considering the violence and duration of the storm, the ship's stores had suffered very little from salt-water, and our castaways fared much better than did Robinson Crusoe, the original proprietor of the island.

Among other salvage they found a checker-board, which enabled them to play draughts or chess during the evening; also a box of dominoes, and, what was still more invaluable, three boxes of books, among which were travels, lives of famous men, fairy tales and novels, as well as a Bible and a prayer-book. The doctor held church every Sunday morning, reading the services as prescribed by the ritual, and winding up with a little sermon of his own.

At last there was nothing more to be taken out of the wreck. They had actually cut away the timbers, and torn down the decorations of the staterooms to ornament the castle.

All they left on board were a bed for Johnson to sleep on, some salt beef and biscuits, and the water in the tanks.

"If he can't make out with that, he can do the other thing," said the doctor. So they beached the raft on the side of the little creek, and settled themselves down in their new house, which they found very comfortable.

They fenced off land, dug it up, and planted corn, which they knew would be of service to them.

All over the island grew large quantities of wild grapes, of an unusual size, which they gathered and hung up to dry.

YOUNG PICKWICK'S SCHOOLDAYS.—"'I CAN PROVE THAT THE DIDDLER IS AN IMPOSTOR,' SAID TOM ELY."—SEE PAGE 286.

These dried grapes, resembling the finest raisins, made an agreeable addition to their stores, and the boys liked them much.

What with their grapes, their goats (the flesh of which they found very palatable), their corn-field, and other occupations, the time passed rapidly enough.

Still Jack Johnson made no sign.

He would not come to them to beg them to take him in, and what he was doing, or going to do, they did not know, and they did not feel inclined, after his treatment of them, to go after him and ask him.

A feeling of indifference as to his fate sprang up in their minds, and they seldom mentioned him, except to call him a surly brute, a dog in the manger, and the like.

One day, while the boys were exploring the island, they came across a cave, which they supposed to be the same as that in which Robinson Crusoe had concealed himself and his goods when he was in danger of pursuit by the savages.

It was a capital hiding-place, and so much impressed were they with its importance that they at once conveyed the most precious part of their stores to it—such as powder, shot, oil, flour, etc.—so that, if they were driven out of the castle, they would have the cave to fall back upon.

And this was very sensible on their part, as they did not know, from one day to the other, what might happen to them.

They were constantly looking in the sand of the seashore for the print of a naked foot, but they never saw it. If they had done so, they would have been certain that the island was visited by cannibals.

That the island was uninhabited they were sure, because they had been all over it and seen no signs of human existence.

Things went on placidly and smoothly for over two months, and the castaways were getting quite reconciled to their position, when an event occurred which disturbed the serenity of their existence.

The weather had been tempestuous.

It was the equinox, and the season for the equinoctial gales had set in with its usual severity.

They expected the wreck to go to pieces every night, as it was in a position where the waves could make matchwood of it, if they exerted their power, under the influence of a breeze setting in for the land.

This made them think of Jack Johnson; and Kedge, with his usual generosity, proposed that they should man the raft and go to his assistance.

"He can't get off," he remarked, "because he has no boat, and perhaps by this time he is sick of his solitary life and sorry for his behavior to us."

"If he likes he can make a raft," answered the doctor. "For he has plenty of timber left, and heaps of cordage to tie it together with."

"That's so," said Rob. "I'm of the opinion that he's ugly and lazy still."

"Let's go down to the beach and signal him, anyway," replied Kedge.

Doctor Ames made no objection to this course, and they all went down to the beach, where they found great, heavy waves rolling in.

The sky was very dark and lowering to seaward, the gulls flew low, and everything predicted a storm—even the soughing of the breeze in the branches of the trees.

"We've got to have the boss gale of the year, lads," said the doctor, "and if that silly loon Johnson doesn't come off, he may say his prayers and prepare to go to kingdom come, for I wouldn't insure his life for a cent after to-night."

Rob did not say anything, but he felt that, though Johnson was his enemy, he would not like to see him drown, and he waved his neckerchief to him. Doctor Ames had brought a spyglass with him—not one of the old-fashioned ship's telescopes, but a good binocular field-glass, through which he could have seen a fly on the top of a monument ever so many feet high.

Looking through this he saw Johnson on the deck of the wreck, shaking his fist at them, while his lips appeared to be open, in order to let him curse them.

"Oh, he may rip," said the doctor. "You don't want to waste any sympathy on a fellow like that."

The wind increased in violence, and rain began to fall, while the waves dashed over the ship, shaking what remained of her from stem to stern.

"Let us go back home," continued the doctor, "and enjoy our comforts, which we have worked for and deserve."

"It's nearly supper-time!" exclaimed Rob; "and after supper I'll play you a game at chess, sir."

"Very well; and what will you do, Kedge?"

"I'm trying to improve my mind a little, sir," answered Kedge; "and as I never had much chance to read, I'm taking advantage of the opportunity, and overhauling our little library."

"What are you reading now?"

"I've got two books in hand, sir, and read them in a sort of one down and the other come on kind of manner. One's 'Lives of Great Men.'"

"Very good," said the doctor.

"And the other is 'Mr. Midshipman Easy.'"

"I see," remarked the doctor, laughing. "You are like a man who enjoys a joint of roast beef for dinner, but can eat a savory one a little afterward. Talking of that, let me see what we have for dinner."

"Cold goat, sir," said Rob.

"Anything else?"

"Green corn, and there are some parrots and sea-birds we shot yesterday."

"I think we'll be able to make out with the cold kid and some crackers, so that we shan't have to light a fire and cook. That will give us a long evening. What do you say, boys?"

They made no objection, and returned to the castle.

As they had no ice and no ice-safe, they had dug a hole in the ground, which they carefully boarded all over, and in this they kept their provisions—that is to say, such as would spoil by being exposed to the heat.

There was one great pest of our country which they were exempted from, and that was the musquito, for they had not seen one of the irritating little insects since they had been wrecked.

After supper Rob lighted the lamp, placed it on a table, and shut the door leading into the castle; which door had done duty in the cabin of the captain of the *J. B. Astor*.

Kedge threw himself into a rocking chair, placed his legs on a stool, bringing them to a level with his nose, and buried himself deep in his reading.

Rob and the doctor began to play chess, talking merrily the while, and all went on pleasantly till they heard a knocking at the door, which seemed to be caused by some one's knuckles.

It was a fearful night, but the trees outside the castle kept off the fury of the

TALKS WITH BOYS ABOUT FOREIGN LANDS.—THE COAST OF THE RED SEA.—SEE PAGE 286.

storm. Rising from his chair, the doctor drew his pistol and went to the door, which was barred and bolted.

"Cannibals!" said Bob, under his breath.

"Jack Johnson," said Kedge, in the same tone. "I thought this weather would fetch him."

Kedge was right.

"Who's there?" asked the doctor.

"It's I, Johnson. Let me in. The storm has nearly knocked the old ship to pieces. I don't believe there will be anything left of her to-morrow, and how I managed to swim to land without being lost is a mystery to me. I'm nearly drowned as it is, and I've been wandering about looking for your darned old castle this two hours. I only found it out by seeing your corn patch and your goats. Let me in; I want to take a little comfort somehow."

"You can't come in here," said the doctor.

"Can't come in?"

"No."

"Why not? Ain't I one of you?" asked Johnson.

"You might have been; but you refused our offer, and we are not going to take you in just when you say so."

"But it's raining like Old Nick, and I'm wet to the skin."

"Get up a tree and dry yourself."

"I'm up a mighty tall tree now, I reckon," said Johnson.

"Get away from here; we don't want you," replied the doctor.

"You won't let me in?"

"No! That's final. We've done without you so long that we shan't miss you now."

"D —— you!" replied Johnson, "I'll burn you out!"

"Try it on, my lad, and I'll put a bullet through your worthless carcass!" said the doctor.

Muttering dire threats, Jack Johnson withdrew, and they heard no more of him for the present.

The fury of the wind continued, and Kedge put down his book, pulled up his collar, and set his hat firmly on his head.

"Where are you off to?" inquired the doctor.

"To look after Johnson. He's a desperate villain, and he might fulfill his threat. He wouldn't come up to the door, but he could climb through the branches of the trees and fire the roof."

The doctor nodded his head as he moved his "king," and called out "Checkmate."

Rob looked at the board, and scratched his head in a puzzled manner.

"I guess it's your game," he replied.

When roofing-in the castle, the boys had left an opening in the top, through which they could crawl by removing a board; and they had placed one of the ship's ladders in the corner of the sitting-room to enable them to gain access to it.

The roof was made in a shelving form, running down on each side from a central beam, so that the water could run into a gutter they had provided for it, and down a pipe into a deep channel which served as a drain.

A narrow platform had been made outside the trap-door, which led to a tall tree, which they had denuded of its branches to some extent, leaving only sufficient to act as steps, by means of which they could climb to its summit, where they had made a seat. Here they could sit as comfortably as if they were in the crosstrees of a ship, and view the surrounding country, obtaining a comprehensive glance at the ocean.

Scarcely had Kedge gained the platform of which we have spoken, than in the darkness of the night he saw a figure close to him.

He held his breath, for he felt sure it was Johnson, and he wanted to see what he was about to do before he interfered with him.

Johnson was holding on to the branch of a tree, and with his disengaged hand he struck a match, which burned brightly, as the thickness of the trees, aided by the density of the foliage, prevented the wind from making any appreciable impression where they were standing.

He was in the act of stooping down to set fire to the shingles with which the house was roofed when Kedge seized him by the collar.

[To be continued.]

"Rob Rollalong" was commenced in No. 673.

Young Pickwick's Schooldays.

CHAPTER LV.

TOM ELY'S VICTORY.

A FEW days had elapsed since the recovery of the Diddler's locket.

The boys were all out in the playground.

Suddenly the cry was passed from mouth to mouth:

"Tom Ely and the Diddler are wanted."

The two boys hurried up to Joey Snorter, who was awaiting them on the door-step.

He feared to enter the charmed circle of the playground.

"What are we wanted for?" asked Tom and the Diddler in a breath.

"There's a gent shut up with the doctor, and he wants to see you," said Joey Snorter; "that's all I know about it."

And with this answer they had to be content.

When they entered the library Doctor Waddle received them with a bland smile.

He waved his hand toward a short, thick-set man, with a square, massive chin, who was reclining in an easy-chair, with a thick finger pressed upon a very bumpy forehead.

"This is Mr. Bangher," observed the doctor; "I have put your affairs in his hands."

Tom Ely turned pale as he added:

"You had better let him see your locket."

The lockets were produced, and Mr. Bangher examined them attentively.

Then placing them before him he began to cross-examine the two boys.

The Diddler promptly responded to all his questions.

Tom Ely kept in the background as much as possible.

When the cross-examination was over Mr. Bangher took up the lockets.

"This is most extraordinary," he said, taking a huge pinch of snuff.

"Allow me to speak," said Tom Ely, coming forward.

"Well, boy, what is it?" said Mr. Bangher.

"I can prove that the Diddler is an impostor," returned Tom Ely.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" cried the lawyer to the Diddler, who was about to speak. "Now, Master Ely, what do you mean?"

Tom took up his locket.

He touched a spring at the back and the locket flew open, disclosing a small tress of light-brown hair, beneath which were the letters L. E., and a date.

"That only makes my case stronger," cried the Diddler; "my locket is the same."

And he took up his locket, which he had again attached to a chain, and hastily touched the back.

But it never moved.

The Diddler changed colors.

He saw that he had been tricked by Tom Ely.

But he had no proof.

He had never told any one the secret of the spring at the back of his locket.

"Well, young gentleman," said Mr. Bangher, "when are you going to open it?"

"There is no spring here," cried the Diddler.

"This looks very bad," said Mr. Bangher. "Let me see your locket again."

The Diddler handed it over.

"Now, Master Ely," cried the lawyer, "has your locket ever been out of your possession?"

"I do not generally carry it about my person," returned Tom Ely, looking anywhere but at the Diddler.

"Ah, very good!" said Mr. Bangher. "And now, Doctor Waddle, shall I give you my opinion of this Diddler and his pretensions?"

"Pray do so," returned the schoolmaster.

He looked uneasy.

He felt that the Diddler had been tricked.

But Tom Ely's bank-note sealed his lips.

"Well, sir," continued Mr. Bangher, holding up the locket, "I consider him a thorough impostor. He has had this copied from the other, and a very good imitation it is."

"I——" began the Diddler, with great indignation.

"Hush!" said the lawyer, holding up his hand; "we don't want to hear any more falsehoods."

"What is the best course I can pursue in this distressing case?" asked the doctor.

"If I were you I should place the matter in the hands of the law; he ought not to go unpunished," said Mr. Bangher.

The doctor reflected.

"It will be for Tom Ely to decide," he said, abruptly; and he looked straight into that young gentleman's eyes.

"Oh, I'll let him off!" cried Tom Ely, magnanimously.

He understood the doctor's look, and he had no desire that the matter should be further investigated. It might bring the truth to light.

"If you have one spark of feeling in your bosom, Diddler," said Mr. Bangher, "you will go down on your knees to thank your schoolfellow for his clemency."

The Diddler had by this time recovered from his surprise.

"I thank Tom Ely for stealing my locket and putting a duffer in its place!" he cried. "You must think me cracked—'pon honor."

"Stop!" commanded the doctor.

He feared the Diddler might say too much in his indignation.

"I won't!" cried the Diddler, angrily; "I'll defend myself against this charge while there is breath in my body."

"Let him tell what lies he likes," said Tom Ely.

He gave a sneering laugh.

This sent the hot blood rushing to the Diddler's face. It was the last straw.

He rushed at Tom Ely.

"I'll knock your dirty teeth down your ugly throat, if you don't own yourself a liar!" he cried.

But the lawyer and Doctor Waddle dragged him off despite his struggles, and flung him to the other end of the room, where he stood breathless and panting, but ready to resume the attack at the shortest notice.

At this moment Messrs. Miffins and Parrot, who had patched up their quarrel for the time being, entered the room.

When they heard what had happened, they flung themselves upon the unlucky Diddler.

He struggled violently.

"Can't you leave me alone?" he cried. "You don't know what I have done, or anything about it."

For answer Miffins gave him a heavy blow across the face.

He fell to the ground, and lay there mute and motionless.

"What's to be done with him?" cried Mr. Parrot; "I'll eat my wig if ever I knew such a boy in my life."

"Lock him in the coal-cellar along o' the rats," suggested Miffins.

"A very good suggestion," observed Mr. Bangher, smiling at his client.

Miffins lifted the Diddler, and flung him over his shoulder.

"I'll show you the way to the cellar," cried Tom Ely, officiously; "better get him safely in before he recovers."

"Right you are," returned Miffins.

He followed Tom Ely down-stairs.

"Fling him in," cried Tom, holding open a small door.

Miffins coolly flung the Diddler into the coal-cellar.

"There you'll stay, my lad, until you own yourself an impostor," he observed, as he locked the door.

And the two went off chuckling.

When the Diddler recovered his senses he found himself alone and in the dark.

He guessed where he was, and for a time gave way to despair, feeling that all the world had deserted him.

But a smile came to his pale face when he thought of young Pickwick.

"He won't desert me, at any rate," said the Diddler. "He is a true friend, and will stand by me to the last."

CHAPTER LVI.

YOUNG PICKWICK'S PETITION.

AFTER having seen the Diddler safe under lock and key, Tom Ely betook himself to the playground.

He felt elated.

The fact that the Diddler was shut up in a dark and dismal cellar, with no other companions than the rats, gave him not the slightest compunction.

"Halloa!" cried Mossy Morton, coming up to him; "how did you get on with the doctor? and where is the Diddler?"

"It has been proved to the satisfaction of everybody that the Diddler is a rank impostor," returned Tom Ely. "He is shut up in the coal-cellar, and Doctor Waddle says he is not to come out until he owns his falsehood."

"He will be there all his life, then," observed Mossy.

"What makes you think that?"

"Simply because I know the Diddler won't tell a lie."

"Oh, won't he?" said Tom Ely. "We shall see."

In a very short time the news had gone the round of the school.

Things looked very black against the Diddler.

The boys were reluctant to believe him guilty.

"I didn't think he would do such a thing, and can't half credit it now," cried Tinkle.

"If any boy in the school does believe it, let him stand out and I'll knock him flat," cried Pickwick.

There was a ringing cheer at this.

The boys felt convinced that Pickwick knew what he was talking about when he pronounced the Diddler innocent.

"Are we to be punished for having opinions of our own?" observed Mossy Morton, lifting his red-brown eyes to Pickwick's face.

"What do you mean by 'we'?" asked Pickwick.

"Never mind," returned Mossy Morton, walking away.

"There goes the biggest sneak and hypocrite in the whole school," observed Pickwick, looking after him.

His dislike to Mossy was daily gaining strength.

He saw beneath the surface, and read all the paltry meanness and hypocrisy of the other's character.

"Boys," said Pickwick, turning round and addressing his friends, "are we going to let the Diddler stay in that damp cellar all night?"

"Certainly not!" shouted all the boys, in a breath.

"Listen!" said Pickwick, holding up his hand; "before we resort to extreme measures I shall calmly seek out Doctor Waddle, and request him to release the Diddler."

"Which he won't do," observed Bully Mungal.

"Shut up!" said young Pickwick; "we don't want your remarks."

He once more addressed his friends.

"Am I right, boys?" he asked.

The boys shouted and waved their hats in the air.

"Then you will all remain here until I return," said Pickwick.

And with this understanding he entered the house.

The doctor was in the library with Miffins and Parrot.

Mr. Bangher had taken his leave.

"What do you want?" cried the doctor.

He spoke harshly, guessing young Pickwick's errand.

"I've come to ask a favor," said the undaunted Pickwick, "not only for myself, but for the whole school."

"What is it?" asked the doctor.

"We want you to release the Diddler."

"Release the Diddler!" cried Parrot. "I'll eat my wig if I ever heard of such impudence."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said the doctor, with a heavy frown. "The Diddler has been convicted of a disgraceful act, and must suffer the consequences."

"You have no right to lock him up in a dark and dirty cellar," cried Pickwick, his face aglow with honest indignation.

"What do you mean, sir?" cried the doctor.

"I mean," cried Pickwick, "that even if he had been guilty the law would not exonerate you. As for Miffins, he is a cowardly hound to give the Diddler such a brutal blow."

"I will not be cross-questioned and brow-beaten by a mere boy," said the doctor. "Leave my apartment directly."

"I am a cowardly hound, am I?" cried Miffins. "Just repeat them there words again."

"I don't mind, if you particularly wish it," returned Pickwick.

"Just you do it, I say," cried Miffins.

"You are a cowardly hound," repeated Pickwick.

Miffins took up a glass he had emptied of its contents.

Taking deliberate aim, he flung it at Pickwick.

But Mr. Parrot, more with the idea of annoying Miffins than from any other motive, pulled Pickwick aside, and the glass fell upon the carpet.

"Is this the way you allow your pupils to be treated?" cried Pickwick, turning upon the schoolmaster. "Well, let me tell you this—I mean to have the Diddler out, whether you like it or not."

And he hastily left the apartment.

The doctor and his friends did not attach much importance to Pickwick's words.

They began making plans for paying him out in the morning.

Their loud voices drowned the noise of the key, as Pickwick softly turned it in the lock of the room they were in.

He smiled as he hastened down-stairs.

"They are safe for an hour or two," he said to himself. "And now for business."

Young Pickwick hurriedly rejoined his friends.

"What news?" they cried, eagerly.

"We must have the Diddler out by main force," returned Pickwick. "Doctor Waddle won't listen to reason."

"Yes, we must have him out," cried Dick.

"Let's go to the outhouse and look for something with which to batter the door," cried Tinkle.

Bob Fairfit rushed off and soon returned with a pickax.

Pickwick took it from him and marched down-stairs to the cellar, followed by his friends and admirers.

"Diddler!" cried Pickwick, pausing before the door.

But no answer was returned.

"He must have fainted," said Dick. "Poor fellow! Miffins ought to catch it for this."

"I'll soon have him out," cried young Pickwick, cheerily.

Lifting the pickax on high, Pickwick exerted all his strength and sent it crashing down upon the door.

[To be continued.]

"Young Pickwick's Schooldays" was commenced in No. [illegible]

Talks with Boys about Foreign Lands.

THE COAST OF THE RED SEA.

THE great body of water known as the Red Sea is really an inlet of the Indian Ocean, extending from the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, in a northwesterly direction, to Suez, and separating Arabia on the east from Egypt, Nubia and Abyssinia on the west. It is about 1,400 miles long, and its breadth at the widest part is 200 miles. At the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, by which it is joined to the Indian Ocean, it is but eighteen miles wide; at Hodeida about ninety-five miles, and at Jiddah 120 miles. At Ras Mohammed it is divided into two branches by the rocky peninsula of Mount Sinai, or Jebel Musa. The western branch, called the Gulf of Suez, which is the continuation proper of the Red Sea, is about 180 miles long, and has an average breadth of twenty miles. At its northern end the Suez Canal connects it with the Mediterranean, from which it is separated by the Isthmus of Suez. The eastern branch, called the Gulf of Akabah, extends northeasterly from its mouth at the Straits of Tiran about 100 miles, and it is about twelve miles wide.

The Red Sea varies greatly in depth. In the middle of the Gulf of Suez it is from 250 to 300 feet deep, while the Gulf of Akabah varies from 700 to 1,500 feet in depth. The deepest soundings obtained is in the Red Sea proper, where a depth of 6,334 feet has been found. Near the shore on both sides the water is generally shallow, and navigation is rendered dangerous by many rocky islands, shoals and coral reefs.

The principal islands are the Farsan group, on the Arabian coast, and the Dahlac group, on the west side, each consisting of large islands surrounded by many smaller ones, connected by reefs. The island of Jebel Teir contains an active volcano, the summit of which is more than one thousand feet above the sea. In the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, commanding the entrance to the Indian Ocean, is the island of Perim, a fortified British possession.

The principal ports of the Red Sea are, on the Gulf of Suez, Suez and Tor; on the African coast, Kasseir, Suakin and Massowa, the last being the chief point from which the extensive trade with Abyssinia is carried on; and on the Arabian coast, Yambo, the port of Medina, Jiddah, the port of Mecca, Loheia, Hodeida and Mocha.

The Red Sea is often spoken of in the Hebrew Scriptures under the name of Yam Suph, the sea of weeds, so called, it is supposed, from a small seaweed thrown up by its waters. The origin of the name "Red Sea" has been variously explained. By some writers it has been attributed to the redness of the surrounding hills, by others to the coral reefs, while some have traced it from Edom, "red," the Hebrew and Phœnician name of a country adjoining the gulf of Akabah.

The most interesting historical incident connected with the Red Sea is the passage of the Israelites across it in their flight from Egypt. This is believed to have occurred at a point a few miles south of the present Suez, where the Gulf of Suez suddenly narrows to a quarter of its former width.

By the Red Sea, in ancient times, the trade between India and the countries on the Mediterranean was carried on. The Egyptians and Phœnicians established this trade with India, and it was so important to the former people that King Sesostris is said to have had upon the Arabian Gulf a fleet of 400 ships-of-war by which he protected it. King Solomon built "A navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which is beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red Sea, in the land of Edom." Ezion-geber was at the head of the Gulf of Akabah, and these ships formed the fleet that went to Ophir.

After the Mohammedan conquest of Egypt, a large commerce was carried on by the Arabs through the Red Sea with India and China. In the Middle Ages the Genoese and Venetians were largely engaged in this trade, until the discovery by the Portuguese of the route by the Cape of Good Hope, when the Red Sea lost its commercial importance. This was in part revived when the English established the overland route to India, and since the opening of the Suez Canal this ancient route has once more resumed its former importance.

By looking at your atlas you can find all the places we have mentioned.

WORK IN CARDBOARD.

(Continued.)

IN our last number we dwelt at some length on the use of the instruments and the manner of preparing the necessary material. We will, therefore, commence the actual work by giving directions for mounting paper subjects, such as almanacs, charts, plans, etc., on cardboard. Our first task will be to define the exact width of the white margin intended for our plan, and this should be very accurately and neatly done. The required breadth may be measured from each side with a pair of compasses, or, if these are not to hand, the following very simple and effectual mode of procedure will bring about the same result:

A strip of paper, *a*, Fig. 5, should be cut or folded, and placed with its narrow side resting evenly on the printed border, *b b*. The required margin, *d*, should be indicated on the edge of this strip, and from thence carried to the plan itself. The strip may now be slided down, and the same distance measured off, let us say, at *c*. The plan should then be placed on a smoothly-planed board, and a flat rule adjusted in such a manner as to accurately connect the two punctured spots measured off on the paper. The rule should be pressed firmly down with the left hand, and the paper cut as required with a sharp knife, as shown in Fig. 6. We cannot sufficiently impress upon beginners the importance of holding the rule *firmly* down. An excessive pressure on the blade of the knife, and a comparatively light pressure on the rule itself, frequently causes the last-named article to slip from its proper position, and the natural consequence is either the destruction of the article on which we are engaged, or, what is worse still, an injury to the left hand. The forefinger should rest firmly on the back of the knife-blade, and it should be understood that even in cutting cardboard a very light pressure will suffice. In case the cardboard is not divided by the first pass of the knife, the operation should be repeated. In cutting paper do not use the extreme point, but the protuberant part of the edge of your knife, as the paper is apt to curl and crumple if the former process be adopted.

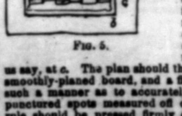


FIG. 5.

FIG. 6.

[To be continued.]

OUR DRAWING PRIZES.

DRAWINGS have been received from P. Martin Heitler, William O. Spoerry, George L. Swain, James Nabsted, C. Voelker, Burt Kintz, Charles Crowley, W. H. Robinson, R. Backman, David M. Burns, Daniel R. Hogan, H. F. Baker, Colman De Goode, Thomas Feehan, Tyler C. Redfield, John Conway, Francis J. McNeill, S. Many, G. F. Ingall, C. Maasch, John Ganse, George Nolan, Henry Parker, J. M. Canertay, Henry Higgins, Inez Brown, Marion E. Burnham, J. Gasley, Harry C. Dale, G. A. Calvin, William A. Lalor, Daniel W. Smith, Adolf Pietsch, Edwin S. Cook, Sherman Baer, Joseph B. Orr, Edgar A. King, James Bonny.

We will defer the award for a week or two, to enable some of these competitors to send us what many have neglected, and that is, the certificate of a teacher, parent, or some person to whom we can, if necessary, refer that the drawing is the work of the one who sends it in. Many have neglected this, and yet we do not wish to throw their sketches aside.

Like all new things, this requires a little explanation.

We are glad to see that on so short a notice so many have entered the lists.

Do not neglect to to send us the necessary certificate immediately, and remember that though every boy or girl cannot win a prize, yet that even those who have tried hard, and have merit, will receive a certificate from us to that effect, and our sincere hope that they will improve rapidly and try again.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUNRAD.—Yes; it should be learned entirely by heart, and requires great practice.

TOM JONES.—Should advise you to use a light pair of dumb-bells every morning and night. Begin with a light pair, and increase the weight as you increase in strength.

CHICAGO.—Yes. Daniel O'Leary has repeatedly stated that he would enter for the next contest for the Astley belt. It will most likely take place in New York.

THE ROUND TABLE.

PRIZES.

To be Read by all who Send Answers.

FOR A COMPLETE SET OF ANSWERS TO ALL THE ENIGMAS, ETC., IN THIS NUMBER.

For the best and earliest, due allowance being made for the distance of each competitor	$5.00
For the next best	2.50
For the third in merit and promptness	1.00

N. B.—There is no prize offered for an answer to only one puzzle or riddle. The answers must be to ALL. Competitors in all parts of the country have an equal chance.

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 680.

1.—L. G. Myers, 125 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
2.—Miss Annie M. Sheldon, Columbus, O.
3.—F. A. Emil Stadler, 108 Penn Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 681.

1.—M. L. Seguin, 1425 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
2.—W. S. Flinn, 141 Clinton Street, Cinti. O.
3.—André W. Seguin, P. O. Box 2240, New Orleans, La.

WINNERS OF PRIZES IN No. 682.

1.—Miss Annie M. Sheldon, Columbus, O.
2.—Walter T. Preston, care of H. S. Cobbell, 10 N. Merrick Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
3.—M. Richardson, 523 N. Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 680.

1. Beg-one. 2. Inn-ate. 3. Ward-robe—WeatheR, ApollO, RhomB, DiscloseE. 4. R, Eel, Emmew, Removes, Levee, S. 5. Flier, Rifle, File, Life, Lief. 6. Ma(i)ze, Se(v)en, Co(p)al, Mi(n)ce, Re(p)ly. 7. Ideal, Dunce, Enure, Acres, Lees-a. 8. House, Oasis, Usher, Siege, Eeres (Seers). 9. War-song. 10. Necklace.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 681.

1. In-it-i-ate. 2. Verb-i-age. 3. Chaise, Holder, Albite, Idiots, Settle, Ere-see. 4. Pail, Milk, Maid—PandeMoniuM, AntiguA, ILI, LiKeD. 5. Asses, Slade, Sabre, Edred, Seeds. 6. Palm, Lamp. 7. Air. 8. Gander, Garden, Danger, Anger. 9. Dryden. 10. Ro(u)se, Ho(r)se, Pa(i)nt, Cri(m)es.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, ETC., IN No. 682.

1. Pat(i)ent, Ser(i)ous, Man(a)ger, Tre(m)ble, Gar(n)ish, Inflect, Ins(p)ect. 2. Roland, Olivia, Lining, A-vine-g, Nine-ye, Dagger. 3. Thames—TrouT, HannaH, AuriculA, MuseuM, EuropE, SeeS. 4. Fig-ure. 5. Name, Arid, Mite, Eden. 6. Brook, Rook. 7. Ink. 8. Contra-diction. 9. Innocent. 10. N, Nat, Norse, Narwhal, T-shot, Eat, L.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1.—CHARADE.

LET all who last to do my first
 In this, our competition,
Exert their powers to give this sheet
 The very first position.

For such a paper's needed much,
 Our hearts to render cheery,
When far and wide the world outside
 Is dismal, whole, and dreary.

2.—CHARADE.

Within my first my second lies,
 Securely hid from sight;
My whole, though carefully concealed,
 Is often brought to light.

3.—CHARADE.

Behold a scene in early day,
 Of military grand display,
Where first, 'midst battlements and walls,
 In frowning majesty appalls;
And all is peace, in sunny glow—
 A gay parade, a pompous show.

The darkness gathers, Luna's crest
 Shines o'er a scene of happy rest;
No sound is heard save sentries' tread;
 'Tis last, and troops are snug in bed,
And calmly sleep, not knowing fear,
 When hark! a shot! A foe is near!

To arms! to arms! Loud sound the blast;
 From tower to tower the troops are massed,
Guns' mighty thunders loudly sound,
 And whole finds primal to the ground;
Here veteran mingles with recruit,
 And guns are hushed and drums are mute.

4.—SQUARE WORDS.

One side of a leaf from a book very rare;
What prevails where miasma suffuses the air;
A seabird that far on the ocean does fly;
We're born in the mud, but our bourne is a pie.

5.—SQUARE WORDS.

First is one of the names that to females belong;
 My second you do when you're hurt by a fall;
My third adorns ships, and is lofty and strong;
 And my last are small insects—they're known to you all.

6.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Foundation Words.

Hail, oh primals, splendid season,
 Best and brightest of them all,
When thou'rt near us thou dost cheer us;
 Loved art thou by great and small.
When the pretty flowers are blooming,
 And the birds begin to sing,
These bright tokens give us warning,
 Primals, thou art on the wing.

But, oh, finals, thou art not so
 Bright and cheerful—nothing near;
Thou canst not compete with primals,
 For thy days are dark and drear.
With thee cometh no sweet flowers,
 All the trees are standing bare;
But in primals, flowers and trees are
 Clothed with verdant foliage rare.

Cross Words.

When finals are with us,
 My first you will see,
Which falls, and does give us
 Great warmth you'll agree.
A spirit is second,
 Sung oft by Tom Moore,
Not quite lost they're reckoned,
 So hope is not o'er.

A puzzle is next—you'll
 Perhaps see it here;
If not, don't get vexed, you'll
 Soon find it, ne'er fear.
My fourth to explain means,
 Of that there's no doubt,
And as it so plain seems,
 You'll soon find it out.

A great appellation
 In next you will see;
With every relation
 And friend it will be.
The science of speaking
 My last brings to sight.
Now, I hope you'll be seeking
 The answer aright.

7.—SQUARE WORDS.

To endanger; an island; a berry; to retain.

8.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

One hundred; to spread; a tendon; to change; consisting of weeds; distorted; a consonant.

9.—ENIGMA.

You need not go a thousand miles
 To find what name I bear,
For should you chance to look about
 I'm on some things you wear.
But should your efforts prove in vain,
 Go to the garden gate;
In truth, perchance, here me you'll find,
 So only look and wait.
Now, if your search again should fail,
 Look o'er the garden flowers;
You'll see me fixed on stem and bush
 To bloom in coming hours.
Do not give up to dark despair,
 Success will gain you praise,
Seek in the chemist's crucible—
 I'm left when he assays.
Thus far, should you my name not guess,
 But one more chance I'll give;
I am a fish with spiny shell,
 That in deep seas doth live.

10.—LOGOGRIPH.

My whole is unbecoming; transposed, I'm troublesome to farmers; transposed again, I'm of certain value; transposed again, I am shed; curtail, I become emblematic; transposed, I live on the water; transpose again, I become animals; transpose again, I'm necessary to improvements; take the two first letters from my whole, I am a verb; transpose, I am a period; transposed again, I am a portion of the body.

FUN FOR THE BOYS.

WHEN a man is *rooted* to the spot does he *branch* out before he *leaves*?

WHY is a billiard-marker like a stage-prompter? Because he gives the players the cue.

TERSE.—A grocer advertises in the following manner: "Hams and cigars, smoked and unsmoked."

"I DECLARE, mother," said a pretty little girl, in a pretty little way, "it is too bad. You always send me to bed when I am not sleepy, and you always make me get up when I am sleepy.

"WE had a short-cake for tea," said a little girl to a neighbor's boy to whom she was talking through the fence. "So did we," he answered, "very short—so very short it didn't go round."

"WELL, my dear, are you coming on nicely with your music?" "Oh, yes, mamma; last month when I played four-hand pieces with my music-teacher I was always a couple of bars behind. Now I am always at least three ahead."

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5 Rich tinted photos of stage beauties sent sealed, 10c. P. L. CALLAHAN, Salem, Mass.

25 Beautiful Cards, Gold, Chromo, etc., with name, 10c., postpaid. A. L. DURANDOAR & Co., Fort Plain, N. Y.

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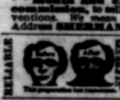

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A HUNTER'S FIGHT WITH A LION.

A THRILLING incident occurred recently in the Wichita Mountains, which rise alongside the stream of the same name, in Baylor County, bordering on the great Llama Estocado of Texas, that well illustrates the stealthy character of the puma, or Mexican lion. The animal is an inhabitant of the lofty mountain-ranges of Mexico, and quite frequently met with in the Chenoti range, which looms up between the Rio Pecos and Rio Grande, this side of El Paso, and in the extreme wilds and howling wildernesses of West Texas. The puma is occasionally encountered in the mountain settlements on the Texas frontier.

Not long ago a Texas frontiersman and hunter named Franklyn, a dweller on the lonesome banks of the headwaters of the Little Wichita, left his ranch for the purpose of bagging some wild turkeys and other game for breakfast next morning.

The hunter was dressed in the broad slouched hat so common in Texas, with boots over trousers, a six-shooter belted to his waist, and his trusty rifle slung over his shoulder. His venture was quite successful, Franklyn being a centre shot. Following the banks of the Little Wichita, he brought down three fine gobblers with his piece, and, huntsman-like, tied all of them with a leather thong, slung the turkeys over his shoulder, and started for his sylvan home, or rather camp.

The shadows of night had already partially fallen on the murmuring river, and the sombre gloom of deep solitude fallen on the trees that line the banks of the Wichita. Franklyn was plodding along in the dim shades, unconscious of danger from man or beast, when he felt a sudden shock, as if a great load had been precipitated on his back. Utterly amazed and stunned, the hunter arose from the stooping position in which he had been thrown, and grappled with his unknown and mysterious assailant. His first idea was that it was some devil-fish by some curious chance turned loose on land.

A fierce combat ensued. His assailant grappled with him, but seemed to direct his strength against the freight he carried on his back. Franklyn could not use his gun or pistol, but struck at the "varmint" with his fist, and endeavored to free himself from the intruder much after the manner of the character in the "Arabian Nights," on whose back was saddled the "Old Man of the Sea." At last the animal, for such Franklyn at length perceived it to be, succeeded in scampering off with one of the turkeys, followed by the hunter, who now drew his gun as well as his knife. He fired one shot at his assailant.

But this only enraged him, and the animal, making a spring, alighted on Franklyn, at the same time planting his claws deep into his neck and cheeks. The hunter was also fearfully torn and mangled about the arms, legs, and other parts of the body, where the sharp teeth of the brute were rapidly planted.

After this last spring, when the animal had fastened its ugly claws in his face, Franklyn plunged his knife into his enemy, who fell dead on the ground. On examining the "varmint," the hunter found it to be a Mexican lion of large size. Such was his own enfeebled condition after such a death-struggle, that it was with difficulty Franklyn reached the ranch, where his wounds were dressed.

DESPERATE FIGHT OF A HUNTER IN TEXAS WITH A LARGE PUMA, OR MEXICAN LION.

THE SECRET.

THEY had just returned from a day's pleasuring in the woods—Paul Theel, his dainty, fairy-like sister, Angie, and her chosen friend and brother's ward, Theresa Philippe.

There was a cloud on Paul Theel's brow, and his eyes were carefully averted from the pale, beautiful face of his young ward.

As they reached the portico, Angie caught Theresa's little cold hand in her own, flashing an eager appeal from her dark eyes to the sad blue ones immediately bent upon her.

Theresa answered it with a sad, reassuring nod, and then disengaging her hand, leaned wearily against one of the pillars, gazed off upon the moonlit lawn, brother and sister entering the hall together.

"I desire to speak with you, Angie," said Paul, in a low, stern voice, just within the doorway. "Come to the library."

"Directly, Paul," answered Angie. "I must go up and see mamma. You know we have been away all day."

But as she sprang lightly up the stairs, she panted under her breath:

"Great Heavens! what is he going to say? Can he suspect the truth? Heaven forbid! It would kill poor mamma."

And, with a shudder, she opened the door of her invalid parent's chamber.

At the moment that Paul Theel vanished within the library, at the opposite side of the house, Theresa suddenly wrung her hands, with a low, moaning cry, and sunk on a seat beside her.

As she did so, her old nurse and present maid appeared in the doorway.

"What is it, Miss Essa?" she cried, softly.

"Oh, Lizette, Lizette! will it never, never end? He crossed our path again to-day."

"Are you sure? Mebbe it was some one else."

"No, Lizette, it was he. Could she be mistaken?"

"But where, child, where?" eagerly questioned Lizette.

"On the evening boat. A few of us were on the water when it steamed by. She had thrown off her hat, and we were quite near. A shout from the deck attracted all eyes, and there he stood, bowing. She changed color for an instant; but I, Lizette, I, knowing myself suspected, shivered like a guilty wretch."

"And Theel, Essa?" asked Lizette, scarcely above a whisper.

"He was there," returned Theresa, the apathy of despair touching face and voice.

"But did he see?"

"He saw!"

And Theresa bent her head, thinking of the cold, haughtily-rebuking glance Paul had flashed into her eyes, while the others commented on the man's impertinence.

Silence reigned a few minutes.

Then Lizette burst out in suppressed tones:

"End this sin at once. Break the wicked promise that is following you with a curse. Tell Theel at once."

"Never, Lizette, never! I may die, but I'll keep my promise to the bitter end."

Lizette, looking at the beautiful face, wan and haggard under the solemn moonlight, thought death might come; and in an irrepressible burst of grief sat down on the porch step.

She again addressed Theresa, who had given no heed to the smothered murmurs and sobs.

"I've been thinking it's right for me to tell Theel. He worships the ground you walk on, and ought to know the truth."

Theresa started up.

"I forbid it, Lizette!" she cried, sternly. "I promised for you as well as myself."

"Well, well, just as you say," sighed Lizette; "nevertheless, I don't like to see you sacrificing yourself for them that——"

"There, never mind, my good old Lizette," interrupted Theresa.

And she turned away and wearily descended the steps, and disappeared among the shrubbery.

After wandering about some time she mounted the terrace, and stepped across the sill of the low French window of the library.

Her foot fell noiselessly on the sward and carpet, and as noiselessly she swept aside one of the curtains with her left hand, intending to step into the room.

But as she stood thus, she seemed frozen to stone by Paul Theel's voice.

"And Theresa is his wife, you think, Angie?"

There was a ring of anguish in the strained tones; but Theresa had no time to think of that.

Angie's voice, calm, distinct, and soft, answered, promptly:

"Every day I become more and more assured of it, Paul, though she has never given me her confidence. If it is so, it must have happened while we were at school. The fellow is evidently a great scamp, and poor Theresa is utterly miserable, any one can see. It's a great pity, Paul, Essa's so truly lovely and deserving of a far brighter fate. But girls do such mad things sometimes."

Paul Theel was silent for a little, and then he said, huskily:

"It's strange that the fellow throws himself in our way so often, and yet never boldly claims her."

"He has ceased to love her, no doubt, and wants to torture her," returned Angie, in the same, calm tones, adding directly, "it's very annoying, Paul, or would be, were poor dear Essa not concerned, that you should have fancied the fellow's glance directed at me to-day."

"I must speak to Theresa, and try to win her confidence," murmured Paul Theel, in his former husky tones. "I may be able to help her, or at least——"

"For heaven's sake, don't, Paul!" cried Angie, impetuously, with paling lips.

Paul looked up in astonishment at her impetuous tone, but before he could speak, a sharp cry burst from her lips, and her cheeks whitened still more.

His eyes quickly followed her strained gaze, and fell upon Theresa's ghastly face and burning eyes.

She was staring at Angie, her blue eyes wide with horror and bitter reproach.

"Oh, Essa, Essa!" cried Angie, in wild, terrified tones, as she appealingly stretched out her trembling hands.

But Theresa stood ghastly and silent, her gaze never wavering.

Paul Theel, after the first shock, started to his feet and hurried toward her.

As he paused in front of her, her eyes turned on his agitated face a glance of utter anguish and despair.

"Theresa," he said, in a voice he vainly attempted to render calm—"Theresa, you have chanced to hear that which was not meant for your ears. I am your guardian; I have the right to demand your confidence. You must tell me the truth—you must tell me what this man is to you, and let me——"

"Oh, Essa, Essa!" gasped Angie.

"Hush, Angie, you distress her needlessly," exclaimed Paul, turning hastily to his sister.

And then again, addressing Theresa, he asked, gently:

"What have you to say to me, Theresa?"

Theresa's eyes, which had again fixed themselves on Angie's face, turned once more to his.

A momentary spasm convulsed her features, and then she answered, quiveringly:

"Nothing!"

A flash touched Paul Theel's brow, but before he could speak she was gone.

She fled through the open window, and a little later they heard her light tread in her room above.

"You had better go to her," said Paul to Angie.

And with a shiver she obeyed.

But Theresa turned the key on all but Lizette.

She calmly read the little note Angie thrust under her door, but there was no answer, Lizette informed the writer.

The next morning she did not rise.

Lizette said she was ill with headache.

Breakfast had been over an hour, and Paul and Angie were standing in the library discussing Theresa's unhappiness and its cause.

Angie was pale, with heavy circles under her eyes, and an unusual air of languor that betokened a sleepless night.

As they stood thus the door was hastily opened, and a rather distinguished-looking man, with unmistakable marks of dissipation on his face, strode haughtily into the room.

Quite heedless of Angie's sharp cry of dismay, and Paul's angry advance, he addressed Angie.

"See here, my fair, dainty wife," he said, coolly. "I'm tired of tormenting you; and with your permission we'll try to live together in peace and unity, and so acknowledge our relationship to the world at large. What do you say?"

But Angie said nothing to him.

Paul Theel turned almost fiercely upon her, laying his hand heavily upon her shoulder.

"Liar!" he cried; "you told me it was Theresa! Why? Speak!"

"The fear of you and mamma," shivered Angie. "Oh, Paul, it would kill mamma! I was so young when that wretch there tempted me to a private marriage, and I have suffered so much! Essa and Lizette discovered the truth accidentally; and finding you suspected her of ill-doing, I——"

"You lied!" exclaimed Paul, with a contemptuous curl of the lip. "And you, sir," he added, turning haughtily to the stranger.

"I, my good brother," said that individual, with undisturbed serenity—"I think it might be well to avoid a scandal by a second marriage. We will fix the date this day three months. In the meantime I'll play the enamored wooer. I don't want my folly to be the death of your mother."

And with a shrug the man departed as abruptly as he had entered.

An hour later, Theresa, her lovely face wreathed in smiles, was listening to Paul Theel's passionate outburst of regret and love.

"And now, my pure-hearted, noble-spirited darling, you will promise to give me yourself, will you not?" he pleaded, softly. "We will blot out this wretched episode in a blissful life of love together. Shall it not be so, my Essa?"

"Yes," softly murmured Theresa, true to her noble nature—"yes, if you will fully and freely forgive poor Agnes."

And Agnes was forgiven, and to-day repents at leisure her hasty, ill-advised marriage, the world little suspecting that it was twice solemnized.

The Love of Flowers.

THE love of flowers seems a naturally implanted passion, without any alloy or debasing object in its motive; the cottage has its pink, its rose and polyanthus; the villa its dahlia, its clematis and geranium. We cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining years; but perhaps it is the early flowers of Spring that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure; and our affections seem to expand at the sight of the first blossom under the sunny wall, or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and sombre months of Winter our love of nature, like the buds of vegetation, seem close and torpid; but, like them, it unfolds and reanimates with the opening year, and we welcome our long-lost associates, with a cordiality that no other season can excite, as friends in a foreign clime. The violet of Autumn is greeted with none of the love with which we hail the violet of Spring; it is unseasonable; perhaps it brings with it rather a sort of melancholy than a joy; we view it with curiosity, not affection; and thus the late is not like the early rose.

It is not the intrinsic beauty or splendor that so charms us—for the fair maids of Spring cannot compete with the grander matrons of the year; they would be unperceived, perhaps lost, in the rosy bowers of Summer and of Autumn—no, it is our first meeting with a long-lost friend, the reviving glow of a natural affection, that so warms us at this season. To maturity they give pleasure, as the harbinger of the renewal of life; to youth, they are an expanding being, opening years, hilarity, and joy; and the child let loose from the house riots in the flowery meads,

"Monarch of all he surveys."

There is not a prettier emblem of Spring than an infant sporting in the sunny field, with its osier basket wreathed with buttercups or orchises and daisies. With Summer flowers we seem to live, as with our neighbors, in harmony and good order; but Spring flowers are cherished as private friendships.

ARITHMETICAL.—A cistern ten feet in diameter and ten feet deep will hold 5,868 wine-gallons, or a little over 186 barrels.

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